SANFORD'S GINGER

PREPARED with the utmost skill from IMPORTED GINGER, CHOICE AROMATICS and purest and best of MEDICINAL FRENCH BRANDY, from the world-renowned vintners, Messrs. OTARD, DUPUY & CO., COGNAC, rendering it vastly superior to all other "Gingers," all of which are made with common alcohol, largely saturated with poisonous fusil oil, and strengthened with cayenne pepper.

UNRIPE FRUIT, Impure Water, Unhealthy Climate, Unwholesome Food, Malaria, Epidemic and Contagious Diseases, Cholera Morbus, Cramps, Pains, Indigestion, Diarrhœa, Colds, Chills, Simple Fevers, Exhaustion, Nervousness, or loss of Sleep that beset the traveller or household at this season are nothing to those protected by a timely use of SANFORD'S GINGER, the Delicious Summer Medicine.

The Delicious Summer Medicine

IS A BEVERAGE, with hot or cold water, sweetened, or hot or cold milk, or added to water, lemonade, effervescent draughts and mineral waters, it forms a refreshing and invigorating cup, unequalled in simplicity and purity by tonic medicine, while free from alcoholic reaction. Avoid mercenary dealers, who for a few cents' profit try to force upon you their own or some one else's spurious imitation when you call for SANFORD'S GINGER. Sold by wholesale and retail druggists, grocers, and everywhere.

AS A PURE FRUIT STIMULANT, for the aged, mentally and physically exhausted, careworn, or overworked, for delicate females, especially mothers, for those recovering from debilitating diseases, and as a means of reforming those addicted to an excessive use of alcoholic stimulants, it is unequalled in the whole range of medicines. Beware of imitations. SANFORD'S is the finest ginger in the world; and, notwithstanding the high cost of its ingredients, is the cheapest family medicine. Sold everywhere.

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Dr. Ab. Rosenthal (late of London), who makes a specialty of the treatment of Epilepsy, Fits, or Falling Sickness, has published a valuable treatise (which he sends free) giving particulars. His success has simply been astonishing. Even cases of long standing, where the sufferer was considered hopeless, have been quickly relieved by the use of his remedies. He considers every case of this disease, which he sends with a full description, cured or his charge will be returned. Address Dr. Ab. Rosenthal, 1 and 2 Park Place, New York City, N. Y., and P. O. Address. We advise any one wishing a cure to address Dr. Ab. Rosenthal, 1 and 2 Park Place, New York City, N. Y. 1681eow

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NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator on the estate of Nathaniel Bailey, late of China, in the County of Kennebec, deceased, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs. All persons, therefore, having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

JUNE 25, 1884. 25* EVELYN S. WEBBER.

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E. W. HARRIMAN.

June 5, 1884. 24*

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An Imprudence, causing Nervous Debility, Premature Decay, Loss of Manhood, &c., I will send free to all who need it. Address, with stamp, NATURE'S REMEDY CO., 24 Chatham St., Boston, Mass. 1yr

Send six cents for postage, and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help all of either sex, to more money right off than anything else in this world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. At once address Allen & Co., Augusta, Maine. 1yr29

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For information FREE, send two 2c. stamps to HEARNS CO., 41 Barclay St., N. Y. 1625

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Published every Thursday, by

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Maine Farmer.

BADGER & MANLEY, Publishers and Proprietors.

"OUR HOME, OUR COUNTRY, AND OUR BROTHER MAN."

TERMS: Two Dollars per annum, in Advance.

Vol. LII. Augusta, Maine, Thursday, July 24, 1884. No. 36.

Fairs to Occur.

Aroostook Agricultural Society—Houlton, Sept. 8.

Buxton and Hollis Agricultural Society—Oct. 1, 2 and 3.

Baldwin and Sebago Union Farmers' Club—East Sebago, Oct. 7.

Cumberland Farmers' Club—Fair Oct. 1 and 2.

Castine Grange Fair—Grange Hall, Oct. 2.

Eastern Maine Fair—Bangor, Sept. 9, 10, 11, 12 and 13.

Franklin County Cattle Show and Fair—Farmington, Oct. 7, 8, and 9.

Knox Agricultural and Horticultural Society—Rockland, Sept. 30, Oct. 1st, 2 d, and 3d.

Maine State Fair—Lewiston, Sept. 21, 24, 25, 26.

North Knox Agricultural and Horticultural Society—McLain's Mills, Appleton, Oct. 7, 8 and 9.

North Kennebec Agricultural Society—Waterville, Sept. 30 and Oct. 1.

Dodgen Valley Union—Fair at Cornish, Sept. 16th, 17th and 18th.

Oxford County Agricultural Society Fair—South Paris, Oct. 7, 8 and 9.

Pemiscot Agricultural and Horticultural Society—Topsham, Oct. 14, 15 and 16.

Waldo County Agricultural Society—Oct. 2 and 3.

Waldo and Penobscot Agricultural Society—Monroe, Oct. 1 and 2.

West Castine Grangers' Fair, Oct. 2.

West Washington Agricultural Society—Jonesboro Oct. 1st and 2d.

Joseph R. Edmunds of Dixfield, has sold his horse, Bert, to a Massachusetts party; price $1200.

Mexico will exhibit a garden of tropical plants, covering 220,000 square feet, at the New Orleans World's Fair.

Wheat is low in value in all the wheat producing countries of the world; and we have in this country just ready for the harvest, one of the largest crops ever known.

There is an average in this country, of a little more than one cow to four people. How would there be enough to go around, if the milk was not watered, and the butter extended with lard and oleomargarine?

Is a "record" worth dying for? It seems they all do it. This time it is that grand old cow, Coomassie. The grief of her owner is twenty thousand dollars deep. Will it be Princess or Mary Ann next?

Mr. Gerrit S. Miller in his introductory chapter to the seventh volume of the Holstein Herd Book, just issued, states the importation of cattle from Holland to this country during the year 1883 at from 1,500 to 2,000 head.

S. B. Hussey, Cornville, last winter used ten cents worth of insect powder on seven sheep applying it thoroughly twice. The sheep at that time were "covered with ticks," at shearing time they were in good condition, and only one live tick was found upon them.

Experiments have recently been carefully tried at the experiment station in connection with the University of Wisconsin, to test the digestibility of fodders by sheep. The average results of the experiments showed that, of dry matter, 51.7 per cent. of clover hay, 67.4 per cent. of malt sprouts, and 81.5 per cent. of cotton-seed meal were digested.

An official list of the three-year-old Jersey cow, Pierce, owned by C. Wellington, Lexington, Mass., has been made under the supervision of Mr. Orestes Pierce, East Baldwin, Me. Estimated weight of cow, 800 pounds. Last calf dropped May 22. Test commenced June 17, and closed the 23d. Yield of butter for seven days, ready for market, fourteen pounds six and one half ounces. Daily ration of feed two quarts corn meal, three quarts fine feed, one quart linseed meal, and pasture.

Have you a good vegetable garden? Now is the time it begins to be appreciated. The first of July to every farmer should bring peas in plenty, to be soon followed with green beans in the same bounty, and at this time accompanied with beets and new potatoes served up in the many forms to suit, and relished with onions or cucumbers at pleasure. Green corn and shelled beans should follow in sufficient variety, and in bounteous supply till the frosts of autumn. These light vegetable foods are just what is wanted during the heats of summer, and every owner of a garden spot may have them if he will.

Still wage the war against the weeds. We know it is easy to neglect this important matter in the hurry and drive of haying. Besides in a season of so frequent rains as we have been passing through, the weeds are tenacious of life, and absolutely refuse to die in dull weather, while the sunny days must be devoted to the haying. But there is one thing certain, the hay will avail but little if one allow his substance to be eaten up by the weeds. One must destroy the weeds or the weeds will destroy (a measure of,) the crops. What with hoeing, haying and other seasonable duties, there is little danger of time hanging heavily on the farmer.

The business at the Union Stock Yards, Chicago, for the first half of the year 1884, shows a slight decrease in the number of cattle and hogs received, with some increase of numbers of sheep and calves. The totals are: Cattle, 813,593; calves, 13,-539; hogs, 2,303,209; sheep, 444,424. The growth of the dressed-beef shipments to the east is shown to have been very striking. Of the receipts of cattle, 432,231 were slaughtered in Chicago—well over half. The great mass of the hogs received are slaughtered in Chicago; but the shipments for the last half year were 184,086 in excess of those for the corresponding time in 1883.

CUTTING OVER-RIPE GRASS. I have always made it a rule to cut Timothy and other grass just as it was going out of bloom. But one year I had a piece which got left until after wheat harvest. By that time the grass was very ripe, but as it stood well I decided to cut it, if only for bedding purposes. But the first time it was used I found next morning, to my surprise, the mangers still full of fresh, bright hay, and the bedding eaten as far as the horses could reach in their stalls. It was found upon further trial that they would leave any hay we could give them, for that dry, ripe Timothy. I do not pretend to offer any theory upon the matter, and have never repeated the experiment.

Prairie Farmer. J. H. S.

There is some milking power still left in the Shorthorns of the present day. Mr. Isaac N. Wetmore of Illinois, writes to the Breeders *Gazette* that he has four Shorthorn cows, each giving between forty and fifty pounds of milk a day. Also two twoyear olds giving thirty pounds each. Approps to this, a correspondent of an English paper moralizes thus:

"Let us try and have flesh and milk; with both the females and males not too nearly related. A pailful of milk is what we like from a cow in the morning. The Princesses milk well, so do other tribes. Let us try to obtain good constitution—animals well made, right through from head to tail, with total—not half—milk, else especially, well made, not too closely bred."

What nonsense is sometimes carelessly given to readers where only sound teaching and correct knowledge should abound. We cut the following from one of our city agricultural exchanges; and it may pass among city haymakers, but is hardly sound with farmers. Did the author of the paragraph ever walk in the hay field, or feel out any fragrant Timothy? A "little knowledge is a dangerous thing" when it is palmed off on the unsuspecting as "sound on the grass."

"The objection to Timothy hay, that it is often very dirty, is generally caused by the pollen of the flower, which makes a fine powder when dried. The grass should be cut either before or after this stage to avoid this, preferably before, as after the Timothy goes out of blossom the stalk becomes woody and innutritious."

The outcome of the hay crop this season, is only another illustration of the entire unreliability of early predictions in regard to crops; and shows how senseless it is for would-be especially wise correspondents, and "enterprising" newspapers to undertake so for-cast the crops of any kind before they have begun to make any showing in fact. While hasty papers early in May, were informing (?) their readers of the glad things that "hundreds of correspondents" reported the promise of a bountiful crop of hay, the best the farmer could say to its readers was that it was too early for promises, and that it could only say there was nothing unfavorable in the outlook. The fact is, so dependent are the crops on conditions, which it is impossible to foretell, and which a few days' time may essentially change, that it is folly to attempt to give "early" information where as yet no knowledge exists.

Eastern Maine Fair.

The premium list of the Eastern Maine State Fair is a nicely printed pamphlet of sixty pages, with some forty pages of advertisements added. The officers of the association are Hon. J. P. Bass, President, F. O. Beal, General Superintendent, Ezra L. Stearns, Secretary, Hon. E. B. Nealley, Treasurer; all of Bangor. The division superintendents are: Horses, Col. Geo. W. Bicker, Rockland; Stock, I. D. Fenderson, Stetson; Hall at Park, E. H. Gregory, Hampden; Norombega Hall, Roscoe G. Rollins, Bangor; Pomological, Henry McLaughlin, Bangor.

The same arrangements have been made with the railroads and steamboats for the transportation of stock and articles for exhibition as have heretofore been made for the State Fair. This arrangement includes the Piscataquis road, and also the New Brunswick and Canada. The regulations have been most carefully prepared. All premiums and purses in every department of the Fair are open to the Provinces. This is a step we are glad to see taken, and probably is only one remove from the further step of opening it without restriction of locality. We cannot see the reason why a State Fair should restrict its stock lists to its own borders. As is eminently proper the lists have always been open to implements and machinery. If there are advantages coming from drawing together our own choice stock, there certainly would be further advantages from drawing in better stock if it exists, from outside our limits.

Exhibitors in all departments at the Park will be required to pay an entrance fee of two dollars, which will entitle them to free admission to the Park during the Fair. Hay for stock, with litter for bedding, will be supplied without charge. Entries on stock will close September first. The premiums are liberal throughout the stock lists. A gold medal is the herd premium in all of the different breeds of cattle, and twenty-five dollars the first for a bull and for a cow. The importance of registration is recognized in the requirement that all sheep in the several different breeds shall be registered or elligible to registry.

There are several new features introduced into the horse department. There are three classifications of stallions made: Trotting Stock Stallion, Stallion for raising Gentlemen's Driving Horses, and Stallion for raising Draft Horses; and forty dollars is the first in each class. Another new feature is the introduction of a scale of points to govern the judges in the awards on stallions. Prizes awarded under this classification and through the prescribed scale of points would mean something intelligible to the public. Encouragement is offered in all classes of donkeys by not confining the oats and the babies. All premiums will be paid on Saturday, the closing day of the Fair. Much attention has been given to the rules as well as to the schedule of prizes, and though perfection has not probably been reached, yet a breaking away from fossilized forms indicates a desire to keep even pace with the progress that is everywhere going on around us.

Revised Names of Fruits.

At the last meeting of the American Pomological Society an effort was made towards reforming our fruit nomenclature. The matter was placed in the hands of the committee on revision of catalogue, and after a careful review of the entire catalogue, the committee reported in favor of changes in the name of many of our well known kind. The result has been the adoption of a large number of revised names in the recently published catalogue of the society, which will be found especially desirable; further changes are especially desirable; and doubtless others will be made in the future, by appending the names of well known sorts, giving the original and the adopted name. Some of these changes have been anticipated and are now used in their abbreviated form in intercourse among fruit growers. We regret the committee did not adopt the name Nodhead for Jewett's Fine Red, the name by which it is almost universally known among fruit growers throughout New England.

APPLES.

Name Rejected.	*Name Adopted.*
American Golden Pippin,	American Golden.
American Summer Pearmain,	American Summer.
Chenango Strawberry,	Chenango.
Cooper's Early White,	Cooper's Early.
Harrer's Winter Pippin,	Harrer's Sweet.
Duchess of Oldenburg,	Oldenburg.
Hubbardston Nonsuch,	Hubbardston.
Jewett's Fine Red,	Jewett's Red.
Keating (a thirty years' test),	Smoky Red.
King of Tompkins County,	Tompkins King.
Large Yellow Bough,	Sweet Bough.
Maiden's Blush,	Maiden's Red.
Tewksbury Winter Blush,	Tewksbury Winter.
Twenty Ounce Apple,	Twenty Ounce.

CURRANTS.

Fertile d' Angers,	Angers.
Knight's Large Red,	Knight's Red.
La Versaillaise,	Versaillaise.

GOOSEBERRIES.

Smith's Improved,	Smith's.
Woodward's Whitesmith,	Whitesmith.

GRAPES.

Hartford Prolific,	Hartford.

COMMON GRAPES.

Calabrian Raisin,	Calabrian.
Lady Downes' Seedling,	Lady Downes'.
Wilmot's Black Hamburg,	Wilmot's Hamburg.

PEARS.

Beurre Bosc,	Bosc.
Beurre Clairgeau,	Clairgeau.
Beurre d' Amalis,	Amalis.
Beurre d' Anjou,	Anjou.
Beurre Diel,	Diel.
Beurre Gifford,	Gifford.
Beurre Hardy,	Hardy.
Beurre Langelier,	Langelier.
Beurre Superfin,	Superfin.
Dearborn's Seedling,	Dearborn.
Doyenne Boussock,	Boussock.
Doyenne du Comice,	Summer Doyenne.
Doyenne du Comice,	Comice.
Dr. Lindley,	Lindley.
Duchesse d' Angouleme,	Angouleme.
Josephine d' Malines,	Josephine of Malines
Knight's Seedling,	Knight.
Louise Bonne of Jersey,	Louise Bonne of Jy.
Paradise d' Automne,	Paradise of Autumn.
Vicar of Winkfield,	Vicar.

PLUMS.

Transparent Gage,	Transparent.

STRAWBERRIES.

Cumberland Triumph,	Cumberland.
Downer's Prolific,	Downer.
Miner's Great Prolific,	Miner's Prolific.
Monarch of the West,	Monarch.
Neuman's Prolific,	Neuman.
Prentiss' Wilder,	Wilder.
Wilson's Albany,	Albany.

FOOT ROT IN SHEEP. Look out for it as soon as you see any of the flock begin to limp. To cure it you will need to arrange a trough, fenced at the sides, so that the sheep after the infected parts are nicely trimmed with the knife and toe shears, will be compelled to pass through a hot solution of blue vitriol and water. Let it be three inches in depth. Use nine to ten pounds of the blue vitriol to the hundred. Compel the sheep to remain standing in the solution from five to ten minutes, and place a quantity of air-slacked lime three inches in depth where the sheep will be obliged to pass through it after leaving the trough containing the blue vitriol solution. Keep the sheep in a yard free from grass for several hours. Frequent change of pasture is desirable. The removal of the flock to an adjoining farm, where no sheep have been kept for several years, is usually attended with good results.

In Australia the drought has been excessive; vast tracts of country are absolutely parched up, and the sheep have been perishing in vast numbers. On one run, where 200,000 sheep were lately kept, only 10,000 are said to remain alive, and the losses on many other runs are in like proportion.

Communications.

For the Maine Farmer.

Washburn.

The town of Washburn in Aroostook County, is one of the rising and growing localities of the Aroostook valley, although hitherto but little known or noted. It was originally No. 13 in the third range west from the east line of the State. When first settled, it was called Salmon Brook plantation, from the fact that a large nice stream by that name ran through it, so called because formerly great numbers of Salmon frequented it in the spawning season, and were taken by the early settlers. This stream comes from the north and enters the Aroostook river about a half mile below the village. The first settlers where is now the village, were Robert and Isaac Wilder from Washington County, and Hon. Orrie Hawes, now a resident of Vassalboro. They settled there in 1842. About 1830, Nathaniel Churchill and one or two others, set themselves down near the river, upon the extreme eastern limits of the town, where their descendants still remain. Mr. Isaac Wilder was induced to go thither by the splendid water power and mill privilege on the Salmon stream, just above where it enters the Aroostook river. The Aroostook runs six miles in nearly a direct course through the town from west to east, and within a half mile of its southern border, where their dwellings still remain. Four negroes have been hung at Dover, 15 killed by their owners, and 11 hung near Evansville. Nothing was said of any trial of these hung, or of their having committed any violence on any one." Another dispatch said: "The people are very much more frightened than hurt, and the slaughter is not so great as reported. Five blacks have been killed, yet no covert act of violence has been committed by the slaves, but there is much reason for believing that they intended insurrection." This and more of the same sort was all that was given why at least thirty persons were killed. Nothing about courts, trials or legal proceedings, but it was said, "*Fifteen negroes were killed by their owners.*" Just as the paper now would announce that 15 cattle had been killed by their owners to prevent the spreading of some contagious disease among our stock. This was only twenty-eight years ago, in this land of law and gospel. I looked to the editorial column to see if the good Dr. Holmes had not said something in condemnation of so barbarous a transaction, but not a word could I find of the kind. Of course I could not know what might have been said in the next issue, if the account should prove true. My thoughts went back to the time when the people in Augusta resolved in a public meeting, that they would not even talk at their own firesides about slavery, for fear of offending our southern brethren and cause them to dissolve the union. Thank heaven, the world moves!

Presque Isle, July. D. S.

For the Maine Farmer.

Why Don't the Boys Stay on the Farm?

Every now and then you will see in the papers, especially in the agricultural papers, an article headed, "Stay on the Farm Boys," or a similar title. Then the writer will go on step by step, showing you the advantage of staying on the farm, and the disadvantage of leaving it for some other untried occupation. They will go through detail after detail of advantages which will be in your favor if you remain on the farm, and circumstance after circumstance of failure of those leaving the farm for something, as they think, better; but I tell you it gives but one side to the story. I have never seen an article which would exactly express my thoughts, so if the editor will allow I will express them on paper.

I see that most of the masters lay the greater share of the blame on the boys; but is this right? Let me take an honest, impartial view of the matter. The farmer is a hard working man, making even in the shortest days ten hours of labor, if a true farmer, and in the longest days of summer sixteen hours of hard, long labor; and his sons cannot be idle, they do not expect it.

But very few farmers' boys attend school in the summer after they are 12 years of age; and why? Because they are needed at home; in planting to drop potatoes and corn, and in hoeing to ride the horse to cultivate, to pull weeds, etc. In haying, because help is scarce and the hay must be spread and turned while the men are busy with the horse rakes, pitching and loading, and a boy can spread hay as well as a man. Thus his life goes on until he is 16 or 18 years of age, and only attending school a few months in winter his education is not better than it should have been at 14; and why? Because his terms of attending school are so far apart that he cannot keep interested in his books. He commences at fractions one winter and goes as far as profit and loss. The next winter there are examples in fractions which he cannot perform, so winter after winter he studies and forgets.

Perhaps the father says, "John, I will give you those steers if you will be a good boy." John is delighted. He breaks them carefully until they are as handy as old oxen, keeps them clean and sleek, and shows them with pride to the less fortunate boys as "his steers." When they are two or perhaps three years of age, a man sees them, and being a fine pair he wishes to buy. The father sells them for a good round sum, say twenty-five or thirty dollars, more than he would if they hadn't received care. He pockets the money and they never see them more, or if, except now and then an occasional quarter upon such occasions as the Fourth of July, or perhaps when the circus is in town. And so I, in John's place, am left in the boy's steers but the father's oxen. This is not exaggeration, it is so. Fathers, ask yourselves if it is not.

Then, mayhap, there is a dancing school, skating rink, literary society or some other civil amusement in the village, and our farmer boy wants to go; but he knows about their necks are watered regularly, and if the day was sunny allowed to stay out a little while. They were fed hay of rather poor quality and two or three quarts of white middlings from wheat and one quart of corn-and-cob meal until March 1, when good corn meal was substituted in the place of the wheat middlings, spring, before May 1, the Durham grade calves weigh 1,000 pounds each and are sold for $55 each, or $110 per pair, as they are matched. Some years with the same care and feed only weighs 750. The winter rate of gain is indicated by one pair that gained 200 pounds in forty days. Cornwallis has a very nice lot of grades of calves are raised in Northern Vermont and sold because they are thought unprofitable stock to winter. What are wintered sell in spring at from $40 to $50 per pair. But with this addition of meal these yearlings sold at a price similar to good three-year-olds or ordinary four-year-olds. The profit and economical method was indicated by Mr. Davison's best judgment and long experience. Fastening with chains seems conducive to comfort, therefore to growth. Milk from cows of cattle is a sure index of their thrift. If the excrement is dry and the animal costive it cannot thrive, and a too lax condition of the bowels is also a disadvantage. The result of this experiment is in harmony with the lesson of the Chicago Fat Stock Show, that the cheapest beef is fattened early and steadily. Mr. Davison is satisfied that the Durham grades are preferable to native calves as feeders. I do not know of an instance of more successful feeding in Vermont. One or two calves are often extra, but here eight were selected, and it is the feed and breed that give such a uniform good result and a large profit on liberal feeding.—*Z. E. Jamaica, Orleans, Co., Vt.*

For the Maine Farmer.

On the Management of Bees.

The wintering of bees is a very important point; the hive wants to be of good size. The movable comb hive may be well enough, but the disturbing of brood combs is bad business. A hive that the main body of is not more than eight or ten inches square, will hardly hold honey enough for a good swarm and bees to winter on, and would afford too little comb for breeding purposes, and too small to be profitable. The cellar, if dry, would be a good place to winter bees in; if damp the comb will mold and spoil. I have had them winter well under snow covered up. If the snow melts and runs down on the hive and freezes it may kill them, and is not a sure way of their wintering well. To pack the hives in straw or with boughs, so as to interfere with the ventilation is very injurious; the dividing of swarms to increase the number of swarms is bad business. It is much better to put two late swarms into one if they are small swarms. If a hive of bees gets overpowered by other bees robbing them, it is about as well to take them up as to stop them up. Bees, sometimes, after a winter of a good many in the spring of the year by their falling on the snow, and are unable to get back to their hive, and in that case it will hardly pay to attempt to feed. It is best well to let them come and go as they please; if you lose some they will soon fill up again. Bees should be kept near the house, so that when they swarm they can't very well get away without being seen; it is a great loss if you lose them. Give them a good sized hive, and in a good season they will do you a nice job of work, I have no doubt.

Bangor. MARK L. MILLS.

Origin of Fruit Canning.

It is a singular fact that we are indebted to Pompeii for the great industry of canning fruit. Years ago, when the excavations were just beginning, a party of Carthaginians found in the ruins of what had been the pantry of a house, many jars of preserved fruit. One was opened and they were found to be fresh and good. Investigations showed that the figs had been put into jars in a heated state, an aperture left for the steam to escape, and then sealed with wax. The hint was taken, and the next year canning fruit was introduced into the United States, the process being identical with that in vogue in Pompeii twenty centuries ago. The old ladies in America who can tomatoes and peaches, do not realize that they are indebted for this art to a people who were literally ashes but a few years after Christ.

The Prairie Farmer has been looking over large number of the local papers of Michigan to see what they had to say about prices for wool. No sales above 28 cts. per lb. were noted. The general range is from 20 to 28 cts.—probable average about 25 cts. for washed wool.

Horse Department.

The Ultimate Speed of the Trotting Horse.

[Continued from last week.]

Aside from the time of exhibition miles, and fractional parts of miles, given last week, where some of the quarters were faster than in the heats in which the best records of St. Julian, Maud S. and Jay-Eye-See were obtained, and as indicative of the highest rate of speed yet shown in public by our best performers, I resume with St. Julian's mile and repeat, at Rochester, August 11th, 1881, 1st quarter, 33, half, 1.07, three-quarters, 1.41, mile, 2.13½; second mile, 31¾, 1.04¾, 1.38¾, 2.11¾; and at Buffalo August 5th, 1880, three trials against time:

.33½	1.06¼	1.40¼ 2.14¾
.33½	1.07¼	1.41¾ 2.15
.33	1.07¼	1.41¾ 2.15½

Rarus, at Cleveland, Ohio, July 27th, 1878, three trials against time:

.33½	1.06¼	1.40½ 2.14¾
.33½	1.07¼	1.41¾ 2.15
.32	1.07	1.40¾ 2.14

Maud S., at Rochester, N. Y., against time, August 1880:

.33	1.06	1.37¾ 2.13½
.32½	1.05	1.36¼ 2.11¾
.33½	1.05½	1.39¼ 2.13
.32½	1.03¾	1.37½ 2.13½
.33½	1.05	1.38¾ 2.13¾

Buffalo, 1881:

.33½	1.05	1.36¾ 2.10½
.33½	1.04	1.36¾ 2.15

Clingstone at Buffalo, N. Y., August 4th, 1883:

.33	1.07½	1.40 2.14¾

Jay-Eye-See, at Buffalo, September 20th, 1883:

.33½	1.06	1.39 2.11¾

At Rochester, .32¾ 1.05 1.40 2.14, and in his match with St. Julian, .32¾, 1.06¾, 1.43½, 2.18¾, and an attempt at Luis to beat 2.14 at Rochester, August 14, 1875, 33½, 1.06¾, 2.14¾. There is another "way of going" besides "in harness" which has been popularly supposed to be conducive of the greatest speed of which the trotter can attain, which is the "Hermaphrodite rig" of trotters with running mates, and in which way of going it has been quite recently demonstrated that certain horses can trot from fifteen to twenty seconds faster than their respective records. The race of Frank and mate and H. B. Winship and mate at Prospect Park, N. Y., November 15th, 1883, was the fastest ever trotted in public, that way rigged, the time of Frank and mate being .33¼, 1.03¾, 1.35½, 2.08¾, and H. B. Winship and mate .33½, 1.04¾, 1.36¾, 2.10¼. Previous to this race the same horses had trotted at Narragansett Park, Providence, on November 1st, when Winship's fastest heat was .33, 1.05, 1.39, 2.10½, and November 8th, at Gen. Stone's Park, Boston, his fastest time in the third heat, .34, 1.06½, 1.39¾, 2.11¾.

Years ago Ethan Allen and mate decreased Dexter at this way of going, Dexter himself trotting to his half-mile record of 1.01½; and later Yellow Dock proved she could beat her harness record of 2.20¾ nine and three-quarter seconds, by trotting with running mate a mile at Providence in 2.11. It will be seen that the half-mile of Frank and mate, 1.03¾, at Prospect Park, just equals the fastest half-mile ever trotted in harness, that of the queen of the turf, Maud S., at Rochester, N. Y., and his 1.35¾ at three-quarters, is but a quarter of a second better than hers, in the mile at Buffalo in which she trotted it 2.11. While with the aid of a running mate Frank, a third rate trotter, was able to finish his mile in 2.08½, each of the half's at the rate of a mile in 2.07½ has never yet been but twice accomplished in *any way of going*, and strongly corroborates my belief that the third rate trotter has already been nearly reached. The athletic editor of the *Spirit

Maine Farmer.

Augusta, July 24, 1884.

TERMS OF THE MAINE FARMER.

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Collectors' Notices.

C. S. AYER will call upon our subscribers in Cumberland county during July.

J. H. FRATT will call upon our subscribers in Waldo county, during July.

J. W. KELLOGG, will call upon our subscribers in Penobscot county during July.

W. R. LELAND will call upon our subscribers in Piscataquis county during July.

The Lincoln *News* of last week was printed by steam power, and its editor believes it is the first newspaper printed by the application of steam in Lincoln county.

The National Teachers' Convention, which has just adjourned, at Madison, Wis., brought six thousand strangers to the city during its session. Maine was poorly represented, but very few going from here.

With the short crop of hay has come most miserable weather for its harvesting. The frequent rains and want of sunshine have damaged thousands of tons of hay the last ten days. The other crops are growing nicely.

With the thunder tempests raging about us, it is well not only to ensure against fire, but lighting as well. Davis, Farr & Co.'s Agency, Augusta, represent companies that are perfectly safe and entirely reliable. See their advertisement.

A sub-committee of Congress has been appointed to investigate the management of the Soldiers' Homes, during the recess. They will meet in Dayton, Ohio, Aug. 1, and after concluding their labors there will proceed to Milwaukee and thence to Togus, near Augusta, and Hartford, Conn.

Something over a year ago Clay county, Ga., adopted the prohibitory law. The merchants declared last fall that trade was ten per cent. better than in any previous fall, and that collections were from thirty to fifty per cent. better. The caloboose at Jonesboro' has been advertised for sale, and the Sheriff says his business is ruined. No new cases of importance have been added to the court docket. The moral tone of the county is every way healthier than ever before.

The longevity of American widows is phenomenal. The fact that there are now the names of 21,000 widows of soldiers of the war of 1812 on the pension rolls justifies this statement. That was not much of a struggle compared with the war of the rebellion, and the number of men engaged in it was very small. If the proportion of surviving widows of the war of 1861-65 is as great, fifty years from now, the taxpayers of 1934 will still have a pretty substantial reminder of the war.

About 3,000 bricklayers and 3,000 laborers and 300 hoisting engineers and firemen struck work Friday morning in New York, because their employers refused to grant their demand that nine hours should constitute a day's work instead of ten hours. Those employers who denied the request of their workmen, say they can get other men to take their places, and that whether they can or no, it will be but a few days at the outside before the men will be willing to return to work under the old terms. Two or three houses have yielded, granting the nine hours.

It will be remembered by our readers that the case of Daniel Wilkinson, who was convicted at the December term of court in Sagadahoc county, for the murder of officer Lawrence in Bath, was argued in the law term in Augusta, in May, by Attorney General Cleaves for the State, and H. M. Heath, Esq., for the prisoner, on motion and exceptions to the rulings of Judge Libbey at the trial. The motion and exceptions have been overruled by the full court, giving judgment for the State. The Attorney General will probably move for sentence at the next August term, and Wilkinson will be the first man to hang in the State under the law of 1883.

Over 8000 persons visited Homewood Park, Pittsburg, Pa., Thursday afternoon, to witness Westmont attempt to lower his record. The track was fast. Westmont was brought out at 4 o'clock, with Peter Firebrand, his running mate. He got away in splendid style on the first attempt and paced the entire mile without a skip. The work on the home stretch was magnificent, and was loudly applauded. The announcement of the time, however, showed that his Chicago record of 2.01¾ had not been equaled by a quarter of a second. The time made was 3.03. Two other attempts were made, but were unsatisfactory, owing to the fact that in the first trial Westmont had cut himself in six places.

Nearly at the close of their recent excursion, the members of the Maine Press Association extended a vote of thanks to the Maine Central and Eastern Railroads, through Payson Tucker, General Manager; Old Colony Railroad, through J. R. Kendrick, General Manager; Samoset House, Plymouth, D. H. Maynard, proprietor, and Sea View House, Cottage City, H. M. Brownell, proprietor; the Plymouth Society of Plymouth, through Arthur Lord, Esq., local committee; and Messrs. Avery, Dotten and Andrews, of the local press of Plymouth. Especial thanks were tendered to Hon. Wm. B. Lapham of Augusta, chairman of the committee of arrangements, and the perfectness of the arrangements, and the admirable manner in which they were carried out, under his personal supervision.

It now transpires that, with all the other difficulties which the Panama canal company have to contend with, the officers on the ground are stealing its funds. Commandant Richier, superior agent of the company, abruptly left the isthmus and went home to France some months ago, because he found the funds were being wasted by systematically overestimating the amount of work done, so as to obtain money faster. He tried in vain to stop the abuse and then went home as stated. Recently when remonstrated with by M. de Lesseps, he pointedly told him, "I ceased to have anything to do with you when I left the isthmus. If there is any money due me I make the company a present of it. I refuse to have any thing to do with the company in any way, shape or manner, and have the honor to wish you good morning."

It is stated at Washington that a court of inquiry will be ordered as soon as Lieut. Greely of the Arctic expedition and his party recover completely, and get their records in order. The object will be to ascertain just where the blame is that the Arctic heroes should have been left to starve, after safely conducting the most perilous and important part of their mission. It is thought now that if all the parties may be brought together a properly conducted inquiry will throw some light upon the subject, and straighten up the history of the series of tragedies so as to show who has blundered, and how far the department may be responsible for the suffering and deaths that have occurred. The fact that Lieutenant Greely's party should have abided for two years in the extreme north in good health, and conducted their retreat so far as Cape Sabine, without accident and almost without suffering, then to be left to starve through the neglect of the governments, is much commented upon, and there is a disposition to attach blame to some one. Officials at Washington say that had the Proteus party acted in any way but as they did, the entire party would probably have been saved. There is no other conceivable action they might have taken that would not have afforded relief.

"Land of the Pilgrim's Pride."

Their twenty-first annual excursion led the members of the Maine Press Association, last week, to the ancient town of Plymouth, Mass., a place of great interest. While an account of the incidents of the trip might be made exceedingly entertaining, we shall best serve our thousands of readers to ask them to view with us the historic scenes and refer to the indelible memories of the place.

In the first place, the town of Plymouth is a gem in itself. They have bigger towns than we in Maine. Plymouth has a population of 8000, and is not at all ambitious to become a city. It has a thriving and industrious people, the manufactures of the place aggregating an annual product of four millions of dollars. A cordage company has the largest rope-walk in the country. There are shoe factories, woolen and duck factories, and establishments for the manufacture of tacks and screws. The people are all prosperous, and apparently happy; there are no squalid and poverty-stricken districts. Beautifully situated on the extensive bay, it is a desirable summer resort, and a paradise of sportsmen. But it is not alone on this account that forty thousand persons are drawn hither annually, but from the fact that here are awakened historic memories that no other portion of the country can furnish.

Five minutes' walk west of the Samoset House (which entertains its guests without limit of liberality), on an eminence overlooking a wide extent of country, may be found the National Monument to the Pilgrims, surmounted by the noble and majestic statue of "Faith," with up-pointing hand and finger. The idea of erecting a monument to the Pilgrims was conceived in 1819, but not until years afterwards did the idea take shape. Although the corner stone was laid twenty years ago, the monument is unfinished, the funds for the purpose being entirely from private contributions. The foundation or pedestal is octagonal, with four small and four large faces; from the small faces project four buttresses or wing pedestals. On the main pedestal stands the heroic statue of "Faith," carved from Hallowell granite, 36 feet in height, and costing $32,000. This was the gift of Miss Agnes E. Tilden. On each of the four smaller or wing pedestals is to be a seated figure—Morality, Law, Education, Freedom. The figures of Law and Freedom are yet to be supplied. Upon the faces of the projecting panels are alto-reliefs, representing scenes from the history of the Pilgrims, and on each of the four faces of the main pedestal is a large panel for records. That in front contains the general inscription of the monument—"National Monument to the Forefathers. Erected by a grateful people in remembrance of their labors, sacrifices and sufferings for the cause of civil and religious liberty." The total height of the monument is 81 feet from the ground to the top of the head of the statue. From the elevated position in which the statue stands, one can look across the country a distance of seven miles to the town of Duxbury, where is the incomplete monument to the memory of Myles Standish. Like the last resting place of Moses, his grave is to this day unknown.

But the place in Plymouth to which the footsteps first tend is to Plymouth Rock itself. Descending the hill a short distance, we see a beautiful and artistic structure of granite in the shape of a canopy, supported on four granite columns, under which is that famous Plymouth Rock. The rock, no doubt, presents the same appearance as when the Pilgrim shallop grazed its sides. The identity of the rock is thoroughly established, it having been pointed out and identified from one generation to another, and from the days when the first Pilgrim's foot touched it, to the present time. The bones of several of the pilgrims are enclosed in the canopy. The dead of the first fatal winter were buried in the hill, (Cole's Hill) near by, and recently in digging for other purposes, their bones were exhumed.

The old cemetery is visited, and a brief glance taken of its monuments and their inscriptions. On every hand may be seen the last resting places of the first comers. Most of the stones had to be imported from England by the early colonists at great expense. The most marked are the monuments to Gov. Bradford, Robert Cushman, and John Howland. The latter was the last man that was left of those who came over in the Mayflower. A row of other stones on the top of the hill marks the location of the watch tower, erected to protect the settlers against the Indians. As usual, there are some indiscretions on some of these tomb-stones, more than two hundred years old. One young lady is alluded to as having "died of languishment." Fanny Crombie—

"As young as beautiful! and soft as young,
And gay as soft! and innocent as gay."

On the stone raised to the memory of a young child—

"He listened for a while to hear
Our mortal griefs; then turned his ear
To angel harps and songs divine;
To join their notes celestial, sigh'd and died."

This is on a stone to a child:

"The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge."

Pilgrim Hall is open every day to visitors. It was originally erected in 1824 by the Pilgrim Society, as a monumental hall to the memory of the Pilgrims. In 1880 it was rebuilt in a fire proof manner at an expense of $15,000, the articles in it classified, those immediately connected with the Pilgrims being disposed of in glass cases, in the main hall, while there is a museum in the hall below of ancient curiosities. At the east end of the hall is the large picture of the Landing, 13x16 feet, valued at $3,000. In the middle of the north wall is hung the large copy of Wier's Embarkation from Delft Haven, from the original in the rotunda of the capitol at Washington. In the centre of the north side hangs a picture of great value—Charles Lucy's large painting of the Embarkation. There is a large collection of original portraits of early settlers, original parchments, sketch of "The signing of the Compact," model of the "Mayflower," the chair of Elder Brewster, that of Gov. Carver, the Peregrine White cradle, John Alden's bible, printed in 1620, the famous Damascus sword of Myles Standish, platter and pot of the old hero, the first patent granted to the Plymouth colonists by the New England Company, which is the oldest state paper in existence in the United States, the original articles in possession of the Winslow family, the original manuscript of Mrs. Heman's poem, "The Breaking Waves Dashed High," and also the original of William Cullen Bryant's poem, "While the ship is on the watery sea." But we have neither the time nor space to enumerate in detail the interesting relics in Pilgrim Hall. On one side of the building is an iron fence enclosing a marble slab bearing as an inscription the wording of the memorable "Compact" made in the cabin of the Mayflower. The names of forty-one signers of the compact appear on the herald-like curtains of the fence.

Standing in this historic place and looking out upon the waters of Plymouth bay, which on this present summer day do not

"Roll in the bay as they rolled that day,
When the Mayflower moored below,"

one must indeed be unpatriotic not to be thrilled through and through with kindling emotions. Here on this little space of territory was fought out the first great battle on this continent against the aggressions of priestcraft, and in defence of the rights of individual conscience, settling the grand principle that a man has a right to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience. We felt as though we were standing on holy ground, and that the very air we breathed had in it the balm and health of human liberty. The religious convictions of these pioneers or "Separatists," would not allow them to wear the yoke of the Established church or professedly its shibboleth. From that little village of Scrooby, in North Nottinghamshire, England, went the Pilgrim Fathers, not indeed at first to the inhospitable shores of America, but to the low countries of Holland. They were of good stock and ranked among the yeomanry of the country, educated and enlightened enough to come to conclusions of their own upon religious matters; so stable in character as to hold firmly to convictions conscientiously formed; and endowed with enough of this world's goods to maintain their freedom of thought even to banishment, if need be, from their native land. William Brewster was the inspirer of their cause, and accompanied them to Holland. It was a voluntary exile. There for the next twelve years was their home, where they "enjoyed much sweet and delightful society and spiritual comfort together in the ways of God, under the able ministry and prudent government of Mr. John Robinson and Mr. Wm. Brewster." But they were not prosperous in a worldly point of view, and turned their eyes towards some El Dorado. This was found to be America, their first intention being to settle with the colony at Jamestown. They dreaded to expose their women and the aged to the perils and privations of a long voyage, to a change of climate and to the dangers to be encountered from a savage people, stories of whose ferocity and cruelty "moved the very bowels of men to grate within them, and made the ears to quake and tremble." The expedition to Virginia was abandoned, and at last they determined to emigrate to these shores. The "Speedwell," a vessel of 60 tons, and the "Mayflower" were fitted out. On the 5th of August, 1620, the two ships sailed from Southampton with about 120 passengers. The "Speedwell" proved unseaworthy and the vessel put back. A month was wasted, and it was not until the 6th of September that the "Mayflower" succeeded in making a successful departure alone, carrying, besides her crew, 120 persons for the new colony. It was a stormy voyage of sixty days before they saw land. The voyage was tempestuous; the ship was too weak to bear much canvas; and it was a question when they were half across the ocean, whether they should not return. On the 9th of November, they hailed with delight the low coast of Cape Cod, and on the 11th cast anchor in the harbor, now the harbor of Provincetown. Their first act on landing, was to fall upon their knees and bless God, "who had brought them over the vast and furious ocean, and delivered them from all the perils and miseries thereof, again to set their feete on the firme and stable earth, their proper elemente." There was nothing to invite and everything to discourage them in the aspect and condition of this portion of the country. There was but little to eat "and no water fit for drinking". Early in December a party was sent off for a more extended search, and at night-fall landed on Clark's Island, where the first Sabbath was spent. The island is in full view of the harbor.

On the 11th, they crossed the harbor, sounding it, made a survey of the shores, and the next day returned to their companions at Cape Cod, to report the success of their expedition. On the 15th of December, the "Mayflower" left her harbor at Cape Cod; the next day she dropped her anchor about half way between Plymouth and Clark's Island. On the 18th and 19th, exploring parties, in the shallop, cruised along the shore for several miles. They decided on Plymouth as the proper place to found the new colony, as a hill overlooking the bay and the surrounding country, offered the best site for a fort, and there was an abundance of pure, sweet water. The passengers from the "Mayflower" were landed on Plymouth rock, on Monday, December 25th, 1620. The storm-tossed Pilgrims were doubtless filled with emotions of mingled gladness and sorrow; with sad and tender memories of that past life, ending now they were here preparing to leave the ship that brought them from the homes they should never see again, to begin anew hope, also, in the new and free life in which they were about to enter.

The honor of being the first to step upon the rock is divided between John Alden and Mary Chilton. A lady at our elbow suggests that of course John Alden stepped out first, and gallantly gave his hand to Mary, to assist her in alighting from the boat! We chronicle this as the first instance on record, that one of that sex has admitted that a man ever got ahead of a woman, except possibly in the little apple scrambles of several years ago!

The most of the colony lived on board the vessel, while slow progress was made on the building of the houses on shore, for their reception. For the first two months, those on shore were exposed, with little or no shelter, to the rigors of a New England winter; those in the ship were crowded into close and unwholesome quarters, provision was scanty and poor; the scurvy appeared and spread rapidly; other diseases, engendered in want and exposure, became equally prevalent; and when the spring opened, almost one half the company were dead. This loss to the colony was fearful. Hardly a day passed for four months that they did not bring out their dead for burial. Not only did disease stalk forth, but fire swept through the village. One calamity followed another, but still the heroic colony held on, cultivated the soil, built hamlets, villages and towns, made friends of the hostile Indians, established town and county governments, were joined by others from the old world, and planted here in this Western world a civilization that in many respects is England far in advance of any other section of the country. Thank God for the heroic endurance, the sublime faith that enabled them to endure, of these noble men and women!

Our editorial party left Old Plymouth for a delightful sojourn of three days at Martha's Vineyard, the largest of the islands of New England; but this article has already become so extended, that we can devote but little space to this. The island is twenty miles long, and at its widest point ten miles across, and reached by steamers of the Old Colony line. Cottage City,—a city in name and in fact, is built upon the eastern end of the island, with an outlook towards Nantucket. Here are built twelve hundred cottages, of all styles of architecture, the cost of which ranges from $300 to $20,000. A high degree of elegance and comfort is manifested, not only in the pinnacled and fancily-painted villas themselves, but in the velvety lawns and flower-beds and groves, the smooth avenues and elegant stores and shops. The hotels are built upon an extensive scale, and upon the hotels and cottages walks are concreted, so that not a particle of dust can mix and mingle with the pure sea air, as it comes laden with health and unadulterated from the broad, open ocean. In the evening the electric light flashes out, giving to the scene the appearance of fairy land. One of the party happily expressed our thought when he said that Oak Bluffs, Cottage City, reminded him of that other "city not made with hands." It gives one a glimpse of elegant leisure, and of earthly splendor almost unsurpassed. At the height of the season some fifty thousand people congregate here. The people come not only from New England, but largely from the Southern and Western States. The Methodists and Baptists have campmeeting grounds in the close vicinity. The former have an iron tabernacle, the largest structure of the kind in the country, costing $10,000, and capable of seating 5000 persons. But in this city by the sea, the changes and fluctuations of fortune are plainly perceptible. On many of the elegant mansions we read the legend, "To Rent." Hard times, perhaps, have fallen to the lot of some of these bankers, and they are compelled to take in sail, discharge their servants, and omit the usual vacation. The place is certainly an earthly paradise, and must possess almost an endless charm to those who are fortunate enough to have time and money to spend there.

Under an order issued by the department the first of the present month, the former three districts of the districts of Maine be consolidated into two. The first and second divisions becoming one, with J. L. Rackleff of Portland as deputy collector, and the third and fourth being combined with J. L. Stoddard of Gardiner as collector. Mr. Stoddard's district now comprises Kennebec, Penobscot, Piscataquis, Somerset, Aroostook, Washington, Hancock, Waldo, Knox and Lincoln. Mr. Stoddard will have headquarters in Augusta and Bangor. Hon. Franklin J. Rollins of Portland, retains his position as collector for the District for Maine.

Paul Morphy, the celebrated chess-player, was found dead in a bath-tub at his residence in New Orleans last week. Thursday evening, having probably died in a fit. He had been insane for several years and had refused to enter any contest at chess, though it was evident he had not forgotten his cunning at the game. His age was 47.

The Arctic Rescue.

The most welcome news of the last week was the return of the steamers Thetis, Bear, and Loch Garry of the Greely relief expedition, bringing with them Lieutenant Greely and five of his comrades, the only survivors of the long-lost Arctic explorers. Of the band of twenty-five, who left St. John's, N. F., July 7, 1881, on the Proteus, with the purpose of spending two years within the polar regions, Lieutenant Greely, Sergeants Brainerd, Fredericks, and Long, Hospital Steward Beiderbick, and Private Connell were the only ones to return, three years and ten days from that date. Of the remainder, one was drowned, seventeen died of starvation in the camp at Cape Sabin, where the survivors were found June 22d, by the relief expedition, and one, Sergeant Ellison, died on board the Bear, July 8, after amputation of his hands and feet, which had been frozen. That any were saved was due to the indomitable energy of Commander Schley and his brave associates, who pushed forward the relief expedition with the most unremitting perseverance and courage, in the face of the perils of a most inauspicious season. Had the rescue been delayed a few days, perhaps even a few hours, all would undoubtedly have perished. Lieutenant Greely's story of the expedition under his command is brief, but full of interest. The two years originally contemplated as the length of its stay within the Arctic circle, were spent prosperously; and without severe casualties and a large amount of information of much scientific value was obtained. May 13, 1883, Lieutenant Lockwood—who died of starvation April 9, 1884—with an exploring party, reached latitude 83.24, the highest ever attained by a human being; and from an elevation of 2000 feet, saw no land to the north or northwest, but to the northeast discovered a new cape on the Greenland coast, latitude 83.35, which he named Cape Robert Lincoln. Geographically the chief value of the results obtained seem to be the final dissipation of the myth affirming the existence of an open polar sea—the sea is there, and probably covers the geographical as well as the magnetic pole, but is ice-bound and unnavigable. Meteorological, tidal, astronomical, magnetic, pendulum and other observations were taken daily, with the utmost attention to detail, and the full records are preserved for the benefit of science. The objects of the expedition being thus accomplished, the explorers broke camp at Lady Franklin bay August 9, 1883, and after a perilous journey reached Cape Sabin, latitude 78.45, Oct. 21, remaining there until the rescue. During these eight months the supplies found in the vicinity in 1875, 1882 and 1883 were exhausted, and as game was not to be had, the explorers were forced to subsist upon lichens, shrimps, and even boiled strips of sealskin cut from their sealskin clothing. Seventeen of the 25 persons composing this expedition perished by starvation at the point where found. One in marked contrast to the bleak sterilities of his so recent Sabine home. "These trees," he said, with exuberant enthusiasm, "look so beautiful to an eye that has seen no vegetation for over three years. The green fields give me a new life."

John A. Greely, of Newburyport, Mass., has received the following from his brother, Lieutenant Greely:

St. John's, N. F., July 19, 1884.—Due in New York about Aug. 1. Shall spend the sick leave in Newburyport this autumn. Perfectly well, but weak.

(Signed) A. W. GREELY.

He will be tendered a grand reception on his arrival at Newburyport, where he resided before going on his expedition. There is a good deal of indignation expressed over the failure of the Government reaching Greely last year, and probably no Arctic relief expedition of such a nature will again be sent within less than three or four ships, so that if one or two go to the bottom, it may be possible to push on and get to the stranded party before a despairing retreat in small boats is begun. As to telling a man to walk in some spot until relief comes, no one could be expected to obey such an order when provisions are getting low and another winter would mean starvation. Had Greely known for certain that help would reach him at Lady Franklin Bay in July, 1884, and remain there, all would have been well; but nothing short of positive knowledge could prevent a man from doing what he could to force his way back to civilization.

The President has received the following cable message from Queen Victoria:

LONDON, July 21.

The President of the United States, Washington:

To the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, Windsor Castle:

The Queen heartily congratulates the President and people of the United States on the rescue of Lieut. Greely and the gallant survivors of the Arctic expedition. She trusts that favorable reports have been received of the sufferers. (Signed)

THE QUEEN, Windsor Castle.

The President replied as follows:

The President, for himself and for the people of the United States, sincerely thanks the Queen for the most welcome congratulations upon the rescue of Lieut. Greely and the survivors of his party, and is happy to say that favorable reports are received as to his health.

The President takes this occasion to express anew his high appreciation and that of the people of the United States for the timely gift of the Alert, which generous act added spirit and encouragement to the expedition. (Signed)

CHESTER A. ARTHUR,
President of the United States.

Maine Savings Banks.

The Bank Examiner, Hon. Fred E. Richards, has completed his examination of the savings banks of this State, and has found them in a more satisfactory condition than ever before. The amount of deposits exceeds that of any preceding year, and the class of securities held by the banks has not suffered any depreciation during the general unsettling of values that has been going on for some time past. About the only securities held by the banks of the State which pass their dividends are the Evansville bonds, which have been held for several years. All securities at present authorized by the Legislature for investment, have remained good standing and have suffered no depreciation. When it is remembered that the last Legislature largely increased this list of securities at the request of the Bank Examiner, the present condition of the banks speaks well of the Examiner's carefulness in selecting and recommending securities for the new license. Mr. Richards has kindly allowed the *Farmers'* representative access to his papers. The change from annual to semi-annual examinations was made by the last Legislature, and in accordance with the law, the Examiner has divided his work so that a more satisfactory examination than the first examination consisting of a careful investigation of the accounts and securities held by the banks, and the second including all the other details connected with the business. At the present time there is no common dividend day by the banks throughout the State. Some pay in January and July, others in May and November, February and August, June and December, April and October, March and September, etc., so that the Examiner has to yield certain things in his examination and await dividend day, thus preventing the obtaining complete information of the entire details of the business when his semi-annual examinations are made.

The following statements will show how the business of the banks has increased during the past six months:

Deposits Nov. 1, 1883	$81,371,608 87
" May 1, 1884	82,379,744 49
Increase	$903,675 62
Reserved fund Nov. 1, 1883	$3,000,000 00
" May 1, 1884	4,061,050 45
Increase	$261,050 45
Undivided profits Nov. 1, 1883	$460,181 27
" May 1, 1884	911,230 72
Increase	$450,329 20

The surplus above liabilities also shows an increase of $15,753. At the present time there are nine less banks than there were ten years ago, but the average amount credited to each depositor, which for a series of years continued to decrease, is now larger than ever before, and the same is true of the number of depositors. The following table will show the fluctuations of the past decade:

Years.	Deposits.	Depositors.	Average.
1874–88 banks	$91,160,796	89,706	$1016
1875–89 "	88,065,844 38	101,2?8	816
1876–89 "	87,686,764 70	98,681	889
1877–89 "	90,626,433 76	99,051	915
1878–89 "	93,178,119 22	77,970	997
1879–89 "	89,477,705 43	75,445	1186
1880–85 "	80,345,208 82	89,967	813
1881–85 "	81,371,608 87	87,977	925
1882–85 "	81,430,636 34	95,489	829
1883–85 "	82,346,720 06	101,029	815

The large increase of the special reserved fund for 1883 comes from the People's Twenty-five Cent. Bank of Bath, which lost heavily by the failure of the Pacific National Bank of Boston.

THE INDEPENDENTS. The Independents had a quite largely attended Conference in New York, on Tuesday, representatives being present from New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts and Connecticut. The conference was called to order by George William Curtis, who read the call. Charles R. Codman was elected chairman, and among the vice-presidents were Carl Schurz, General Barlow and C. J. Bonaparte of Maryland. Mr. Codman remarked, on taking the chair, "that the nomination of the Republican party for the presidency is an insult to American manhood." On the question of adjournment to afternoon, one of the members remarked "that they had assembled to provide ammunition for the campaign, and he did not believe in going at once into quarters. They could stand being hungry and thirsty; what they wanted being to beat Jim Blaine." A national committee was appointed and a platform adopted, the platform mainly denounces Blaine, and speaks of the character and fitness of Cleveland as a Presidential candidate. Mr. Everett of Quincy, Mass., offered a resolution naming Cleveland and Hendricks as the nominees of the conference, but it was laid on the table, and soon after the conference adjourned finally without passing it.

When medical science admitted that Rheumatism and Neuralgia had their seat in the blood, it remained to find a successful remedy for the poisonous acid which caused them. That remedy has been found. It has been named ATHLOPHOROS, which is a Greek word composed of *athlon*, a prize, and *phero*, to bear away, that is, "bearing away the prize." And this it does both in promptitude and final efficiency. Says Mrs. Eliza Evans of Upper Derby, Delaware county, Penn.: "After the third dose of ATHLOPHOROS I rested better than I had done for months."

Gen. Logan's letter of acceptance is out.

Spread of the Cholera.

The people all over Europe are settling down to the conviction that they are to have a visitation of cholera which will permit no place to escape, and are putting their houses in order for the scourge. The English have fondly hoped that their insular position would protect them from an invasion of the plague, but this pleasing idea has been rudely dispelled by the earnest reminder of the leading physicians that any ship sailing into their harbors from a Mediterranean port may infect the whole island.

Consequently, there is a general cleaning up and liberal use of powerful disinfectants in all the large cities. This will probably be effectual in such modern-built, well-sewered cities as Paris, London, Berlin, Vienna, but the filthy old places like Rome, Toulon, Naples and Marseilles, whose streets are open sewers for the receptacle of all manner of filth, and whose houses are poisoned with the accumulated vileness of centuries, cannot help being scourged in a way that will recall the horrors of the plagues of the Middle Ages.

There is a panic in Paris, Marseilles and elsewhere, and all who are able to get away from the infected and threatened places are leaving for the country by the ten thousand.

The deaths at Marseilles, Friday night, numbered 30; Saturday, 36; Sunday, 47. That is about the proportion for each day out. In Toulon, on Friday, there were 17 deaths; Saturday, 28; Sunday, 46. A famine is threatened in the city. Provisions are scarce and dear. There is much distress. The hotels are closing their kitchens, and the provision warehouses are expected to close, owing to a lack of supplies. The cholera at Arles is becoming serious.

The season is now so far advanced that there is hope that we on this side of the Atlantic may escape unscathed. But at the same time such is the rapidity of communication between America and Europe, and between different parts of the country that any day a ship may arrive in New York bearing enough disease germs to infect the whole country, which within a week afterward may be distributed by immigrants to every State in the Union. In view of this fact, the following proclamation was issued by the President Saturday afternoon:

While quarantine regulations are committed to the several States, the general government has reserved certain power in the President, to be used at his discretion, in preventing a threatened epidemic. Feeling it to be my duty to call upon all persons under existing systems, in the several States, are intrusted with the execution of quarantine regulations, to be diligent and on the alert, in order to prevent the introduction of this pestilence, while we all regret to learn, has made its appearance in some of the countries of Europe between which and the ports of the United States, whether on the coast or on the lines of interior communication, by sound sanitary regulations and the promotion of cleanliness, be prepared to resist the power of disease, and to mitigate its severity.

Given under the seal of the United States in the ports where the pestilence has made or may make its appearance to exercise vigilance in carrying out the instructions herein contained, and in communicating to the government of the United States any information of value relating to the progress or treatment of the disease.

Given under my hand and the seal of the United States, at the city of Washington, this 19th day of July, in the year of our Lord, 1884, and of the Independence of the United States the 108th.

CHESTER A. ARTHUR.

The Secretary of the Treasury has issued a circular to officers of the revenue marine service, ordering them to assist the local authorities in maintaining a strict quarantine. While our country may not be visited by this scourge the present season, great care should be taken to have everything clean about our premises. Everything should be made as clean as its nature will allow, and copperas, lime, carbolic acid, and other disinfectants should be used with an unsparing hand. Remember all the time, however, cleanliness first; disinfectants afterwards. The cholera is a never ending traveller. A French writer says that "it travels like the Wandering Jew. It goes never more than a few leagues a day. It picks out this street and this house on the street." The cholera visited several places in Maine in August, 1850. It was especially severe in Richmond.

THE GRAND ARMY. The eighteenth annual Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic is now being held in Minneapolis, Minn. The decorations far surpass anything of the kind ever seen in the northwest. Triumphal arches, flying flags, waving banners, emblems, portraits of prominent generals, pictures of famous battles, and thousands of yards of bunting crossing every street, and hanging from every building. One hundred thousand visitors were present yesterday (Wednesday). The city appropriated $10,000, and residents have thrown wide open the portals of their homes, to the noble relics of the grand Union army. It was an interesting sight as the veterans poured into the city. Many were old and trembling, and many crippled and halt, covered with wounds and honor received where bullets were the thickest and the blows fell the hardest. At the camp, Tuesday forenoon, a public reception was given by Governor Hubbard. Appropriate welcome addresses were also made by Mayor Pillsbury and Gen. Commander Balch, a Maine man, which was responded to by the national commander, General Beath, and others. General Logan and other distinguished speakers opened the camp fire in the evening.

At the beginning of the school term at the Five Points, N. Y., mission, last fall, the children were promised that all who behaved well and were punctual in attendance should have a two weeks' vacation in the country this summer. Out of 800 in school, 300 have earned their outing, and Wednesday morning the first party, 53 in number, started on the cars for Delaware county. The good people in the country take care of them after their arrival, but many have to be provided with whole suits of clothing before starting. The expense of the trip is about five dollars for each child. About half way to the journey's end a lunch was brought into the car, and hastily devoured by the hungry urchins. Each child of the party carried a black cambric bag in which the small amount of luggage was placed. Fifty-three mothers or big sisters or fathers stood at the depot to bid the children good bye. This week another party will start, and then another, until each of the 300 children has had two weeks' running in the woods, and two weeks' frolic in the open air.

The Massachusetts Veteran Association having accepted the invitation of B. H. Beal, Post G. A. R. of Bangor, and of the association composed of the 24 Maine Cavalry, 14th, 22d, 23d, 24th and 28th Regiments of Infantry Maine Volunteers to hold their annual reunion in that city, August 12th, 13th and 14th, will leave Boston by boat, August 11th, at 5 P. M., arriving in Bangor at 11.30 A. M., Tuesday the 12th.

Prof. George H. Stone, formerly of Kent's Hill, but now of the State College in Colorado, has been appointed on the United States Geological Survey, for the purpose of completing the investigation of the glacial phenomena of Maine Horsebacks, in which he was engaged while in Maine.

The hall storm of Saturday afternoon, was very severe in New Hampshire. In the corn field of Chester Pike hail stones in winrows were two feet deep as large as hens' eggs. Windows were smashed in many buildings. The loss is estimated between $4,000 and $5,000.

The special train for the Equine Paradox exhibition in Gardiner, will leave Augusta every evening, next week, beginning Monday, at 7 o'clock; Hallowell at 7.07. One fare on afternoon train, Friday and Saturday.

Just as we go to press, we learn of the death of the venerable Moses Tabor, formerly of Vassalboro'. A more extended notice next week.

An inch of snow fell at Fabyan's, White Mountains, Monday night.

City News.

—The Universalist church will be closed until the first of September.

—The First Baptist church will be closed during September.

—Mr. Frank Snow injured his left arm at Allen's publishing establishment, Tuesday, bruising it severely.

—Mr. Charles Lothrop has sold his land on Western avenue to Mr. Geo. W. Hanks, who will erect a house thereon.

—Mr. Blaine's formal letter accepting the nomination, appeared in all the daily papers on Saturday.

—While this kind of weather lasts, the stay-at-homes have the laugh on those who go out of town for the summer.

—A yoke of fat oxen driven in by Martin Reynolds of Sidney, Monday, tipped the beam at 3736.

—Rev. B. Minard is holding revival meetings this week, at the Free Baptist vestry, and considerable interest is manifested.

—We should have mentioned in our Commencement report of Bowdoin College, that Dr. H. L. Johnson of this city, received the degree of A. M.

—Capt. H. F. Blanchard has bought the house and lot on Winthrop street, belonging to the estate of the late John Mullikin, and will make it his residence.

—Mr. Geo. P. Additon has purchased at an astonishingly low price the elegant residence of Col. Thomas Lambard, corner of Winthrop and Sewall streets, and will make it his home.

—Rev. H. W. Tilden, recently of this city, has accepted the call to the pastorate of the Baptist church in Hyde Park, and will enter on his labors there the first of September.

—About $20,000 have been raised for the erection of a new Episcopal church in this city, and the structure is now as good as assured. Probably the building will not be commenced this season.

—Mr. John A. Woodsum, the extensive hay dealer, whose headquarters are in this city, during the month of June distributed ten thousand dollars among Kennebec farmers for the item of hay.

—In a letter from County Attorney Haines that gentleman makes the gratifying announcement that his treatment at Hot Springs, Arkansas, has thus far been very beneficial—his rheumatism is leaving him and he added six pounds to his weight in a week.

—A Mr. Morris, of Benton, while oiling leading in Heath's mill, Waterville, was struck in the back of the head by a belt and fell eight or ten feet, striking upon some iron, and has lain in a semi-conscious condition since, with the result somewhat doubtful.

—There was a smart shower, Saturday evening in Readfield, accompanied with lightning, which did some damage. A stack Mr. A. G. Stevens' carriage house and spoilt the looks of one. It also struck the house of Mr. D. C. Ambrose at the foot of Kent's Hill.

—Mr. Alfred Smith of Monmouth, and well known among the fruit growers of Maine, is 77 years of age. He is in very feeble health, physically, at the present time; he is about to build a house for himself or leave it without assistance. His mind is, however, as clear as ever.

—In the reference case of Alfred F. Johnson, administrator of Holman Johnson, vs Charles S. Johnson of Wayne, the Judge has awarded $747.43 to the plaintiff. This is to be deducted from a judgment for $2700 and four years' interest for which Charles Johnson had secured a judgment in Piscataquis County Supreme Court, as the result of Charles S. Johnson vs Alfred F. Johnson the plaintiff was awarded $3009.63.

—Saturday evening, the barn of Mr. E. N. Colburn, on Trotting Park in China, was struck by lightning and totally consumed by fire. A horse and promising colt some two months old, owned by Mr. Colburn's son Lyman, also perished. The dwelling house near by was saved by the rain, which fortunately fell in torrents at the time. A few years ago Mr. Colburn also lost his house by fire.

—During the thunder tempest of Saturday night, lightning struck the residence of Mr. Will Laing, Hallowell. It seems that Mr. Laing, during the early part of the thunder and heavy rain, proceeded to the attic to put down a window. While in the act of lowering the sash the bolt struck the roof immediately above him. He was knocked senseless, and the ladies of the house began to scream. Much to their relief, however, Mr. Laing arose in a few minutes, apparently as well as ever. From the roof the electric current ran down the wall to the ground. On its course it passed through the window-cornice, blackening and defacing it, and stripped the cloth off an umbrella standing in the entry way.

—The funeral of Will Hall Burleigh, who was accidently shot and killed last week, occurred at his home in Vassalboro', Saturday afternoon. Professors Rogers and Balentine, of the Maine State College, Rev. H. Butler, of Bangor, Rev. Mr. Bennett and

...nebec County News.

...nebec river has been on a rise ...f the recent rains.

...ro' farmers will meet at River...dnesday, to take further action ...rection of a creamery.

...y struck the barn of Otis Lit...eles, Saturday night, doing ...e. No fire was set.

...owell Granite Co., are shipping ...for the three large tombs to ...leans.

...eks has bought in Jefferson, ...e beef oxen for the Kennebec ...n the past two weeks.

...owell cherry crop is an abun...robably 1000 bushels of the ...have been gathered the week

... Light Infantry Gardiner, ...ening, elected E. A. Southard, ...F. E. Southard, 2d Lieut., of ...f.

...he storm on Saturday night ...ck a barn on the Brunswick ...ner, belonging to Alvin Saw...as destroyed, with a quantity ...s $600; no insurance.

...Bates Stover of China, who ...m a few weeks ago, was so ...s to break it again on Friday. ...nt had been taken off only a ...reviously.

...a little son nine years old, of ...er of Auburn, while visiting ...er, George Webber in Litch...last week, was bitten by a ...onging to George H. Berry, ...mangled in the face.

...e making improvements in ...rescent, Waterville. One old ...has been taken down, another ...ed farther back in rear of the ...Ticonic Row, and is to be oc...company teams.

...Merchants' National Bank of ...opened its doors to the pub...s fine location, commodious ...ns and pleasant and accom...dicis, it cannot fail to do a ...siness in the coming years.

...ter from County Attorney ...gentleman makes the gratify...ement that his treatment at ...Arkansas, has thus far been ...l—his rheumatism is leaving ...dded six pounds to his weight

...orris, of Benton, while oiling ...Heath's mill, Waterville, was ...back of the head by a belt and ...en feet, striking upon some ...lain in a semi-conscious con...with the result somewhat

...as a smart shower, Saturday ...Readfield, accompanied with ...hich did some damage. It ...G. Reeves carriage house ...looks of one corner. It also ...use of Mr. D. C. Ambrose at ...ent's Hill.

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...r evening, the barn of Mr. E. N. ...Bayside was discovered to be on fire. Assistance was ...ptly rendered, but the flames ...as so far advanced that the ...ding was a total loss. The ...ed $1,000, with $600 insurance.

...Joseph Parsons Emerson of Parsonsfield, ...ort, b. Oct. 1, 1804, s. of Prof. Ira Emerson of ...Boston, was instantly killed on Thursday, ...by being thrown from his mowing machine ...and striking on his head. He was born in ...last. The deference was to his ...

Items of Maine News.

Lewis A. Murch has been commissioned postmaster at Levant.

An eight-year-old son of J. McKenney, of New Sharon, fell from a tree fifteen feet, and fractured his skull. He will probably die.

The Assessors' returns of the city of Bangor, show an increase in the taxable property of the city over that of last year, of $81,536.

A little child of Weston and Geneva Jewett of Jackson, was scalded by overturning a cup of hot coffee, and died from the effects.

Our Phillips correspondent writes that during a recent rain there, the water wheel that had just been set under a saw mill, being built, was washed out.

Mrs. Dixey Benson of Kennebunkport, being despondent from the death of her husband, committed suicide Wednesday night, by taking Paris Green.

The new Music Hall, the addition to the Poland Spring House, was dedicated, Thursday evening. Gov. Robie and other distinguished gentlemen were present.

Preparations are being made to save the steamer, State of Maine, ashore at Point Lepreaux. John Ruddock has the contract for taking her off, and is confident that he can do it.

The mother of Lieut. Greely, the rescued Arctic explorer, is a native of Maine. Her maiden name was Fanny Cobb, and she is a daughter of Samuel Cobb, formerly of Limington.

One day last week; Mrs. Thomas Reed, mother of Hon. T. B. Reed, slipped upon the stairs at her home in Portland, and broke her arm above the wrist and received other severe injuries.

The Maine sardine business is much depressed, owing to the reduction of duty of 92 per case on imported sardines of cheap quality, which were competitors of the American article.

The assessors find the amount of all real and personal estate in Houlton, this year, to be $871,410, an increase on last year's assessment of $118,628.00, and the increase of polls, 90.

A child fourteen months old, of Chas. Storer of New Sharon, in the absence of its parents, found a bottle of ammonia and swallowed a portion of its contents from which it died.

The appointment of R. W. Keyes, of Jay, as special constable for the enforcement of the liquor law in Franklin county, is received with great pleasure by the friends of temperance in that county.

William Dodge, a young man, was swinging in a hammock at Hughes' Point, Isleboro, on Saturday evening, when the rope which held it broke, and he was thrown to the ground, breaking his leg just above the ankle joint.

The latest excitement at Capitol Island, is the capture of a whale, which is now on exhibition at the Ocean House. Its length is sixty-four feet, and its diameter in the thickest part is fifteen feet. It is a genuine monster, and crowds gather to see it.

An infant, four months old, child of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Seabury, of Parkman, died of suffocation, one day last week. It was laid on a bed asleep, where in some way it was turned on its face, and when found it was dead.

Moses Reddick, the negro who killed Samuel Jones, last week, on the steamer Cambridge, was before the police court in Boston, on Monday morning, and in the sum of $1500 for his appearance at the August term of court. He is charged with manslaughter.

Joseph Parsons Emerson of Parsonsfield, Me., b. Oct. 1, 1804, s. of Prof. Ira Emerson of Boston, was instantly killed on Thursday, by being thrown from his mowing machine and striking on his head. He was born in the house in which he died. He was a noted teacher of vocal music.

Miss Sarah A. Gay was brought before the municipal court in Farmington, Friday, charged with uttering a forged order on the Franklin County Savings Bank, and obtaining money on the same, and was held over in the sum of $500 for her appearance at the next term of the Supreme Judicial Court.

In the Supreme Court, law term, at Portland, Thursday, in the case of Sergeant Dennis Kelly, who, when in charge of Fort Popham, fired and mortally wounded young Smith, of Charlestown, Mass., the full bench gave a decision, surrendering the prisoner to the United States authorities.

Benj. F. Morse of Manville, R. I., was arrested by the police of Portland, on Tuesday, for burglary and other crimes with a pal named Geo. Mehose of Boston. They broke into Mechanics' Hall one night, and in a moment it was on fire. The neighbors rallied, and with some difficulty removed the horses and cattle and every movable thing in the barn. The building in a short time was in ashes. The loss is fully covered by insurance. The roads are badly washed out in many places.

Our correspondent writes from Rumford: On Saturday, July 12th, a heavy shower passed over this place, accompanied by lightning. The lightning struck the barn of J. K. Elliott. His son had just driven into the barn with a load of hay, when the bolt struck near the ridgepole, splitting a rafter, tearing off the boards and shingles, and leaving a mow of straw on fire near the door. He quickly pulled down the scaffold, and with a fork threw the burning straw out of the barn, thus saving the barn.

A very destructive hall storm swept through South Bridgton, Saturday afternoon. Over fifty acres of corn were completely ruined. Among the heaviest losers are the Rich Brothers, Freeman Mason and Charles Douglass. A great deal of window glass was also broken. G. R. Norton, the stage driver, informed the Portland Argus that he drove through the track visited by the storm, and though more than two hours had passed, yet the hail lay in windrows along the side of the road. The loss to the farmers in that vicinity is large.

There was a trot at Maplewood Park, Bangor, Friday, for a purse of $200 between Gray Dan and Gray Nose. Before the trotting began Mr. Gibbs announced to the judges that Gray Dan was lame and wished to draw him, but they declined to allow it, and both horses were started, resulting in an easy winning of the heat by Gray Nose in 2.46¼. On being called for the second heat, Mr. Gibbs brought up Gray Dan and showed him to the judges, and wished to draw him on account of lameness. The judges ordered him to start, but after scoring once allowed him to take him to the stable, and Gray Nose trotted the other two heats alone in 2.50¼ and 2.50, respectively. The last half mile of the second heat was made in 1.18½ and the first half of the third in 1.17.

Items of General News.

There is much sickness in Panama. In one hospital there are over a dozen cases of yellow fever.

A well being dug at Durham, N. C., caved in Friday, burying seven men; three were taken out. One man was badly injured.

Mrs. Greely has never for one moment doubted that her husband would be found. She has had unbounded faith in his courage and power of endurance.

A five-year-old daughter of Dr. Faddens of Sutton, Mass., was choked to death by a cherry stone, while eating cherries one evening last week.

Five horse thieves were hanged near Cook Point, Montana, on the Missouri river, on Monday last by a band of cow boys. Thirty-two stolen horses were recovered.

Harmon Spruance, one of the oldest members on the Chicago board of trade has suspended with liabilities of about $100,000. Losses in grain speculation caused this fall.

The Irishmen in New York city, who favor the election of Blaine and Logan, have formed an organization which is called the "Blaine and Logan Irish-American Association."

Frank E. Everett for a number of years a banker of Golden, Col., committed suicide Thursday, by shooting, while insane from the effects of chloral, taken for medical purposes.

A suit brought by Rogers Amero against the officer at Digby, who arrested him for the murder of Mrs. Carlton has been decided in Amero's favor, and he has received $400.

A gang of youthful burglars, ages ranging from 15 to 19 years, have been arrested in Bridgeport, Conn. Their operations extend over a period of a year, and one confessed to fifteen burglaries.

At Iron Gate, Va., Friday, Thos. Johnson stripped his stepson and tied the boy's hands, intending to whip him. The boy escaped, and running to the river, jumped in. Johnson followed, and both were drowned.

Miss Clara Barton, president, and A. L. Solomons, vice president, of the American Association of the Red Cross, have been appointed by the President as delegates to represent the United States at the Geneva conference of the International Association, to be held in September next.

Private advices from Murphysboro, Ill., report the failure of the Miners' Savings Bank of that place. The liabilities are not stated. The nominal assets are $50,000. The citizens are excited on account of the bank officials receiving deposits up to the hour of closing. Suicide is apprehended.

E. F. Bucher, of Buffalo, N. Y., purposing to kill the chickens of his neighbor, Wm. Ellis, scattered some pieces of bread covered with arsenic among Ellis' potato vines. A son of Ellis, aged four, ate some of the bread and it is thought the child will die. Bucher has disappeared.

The mining town of Belknap, Montana, is in ashes. Only five houses and the depot building remain of what two months ago was a town of 2,000 persons. The loss is estimated at over $100,000. A large number of people are almost destitute, and escaped with nothing but their clothing.

The Boston excursion steamer, Empire State, struck on a ledge off Gloucester, Mass., Sunday afternoon, and at once put into Gloucester, where her passengers, 600 in number, were landed in safety. They were taken to Boston on a special train. The steamer was floated the next day, and towed into Boston.

In the court of common pleas at Newport, R. I., Judge Wm. H. Shea, aged 23, was convicted of the murder of Eugene Barker, a policeman of Newport, who was killed on the night of the 22nd of April in the discharge of his duty. Shea was sentenced to the State prison for life.

Sunday night, Charles Elliott, aged 27, employed as a driver on the ice dealers of Cambridge, choked his wife to death, because she would not give him money, and has escaped. Elliott is said to have been a son of dissolute parents, and married his wife from a house of ill repute. He is a native of Knox, Maine.

At Richmond, Texas, an ex-convict named Hetton, outraged and murdered a girl 12 years old. He was arrested, but was taken by a mob, shot and left for dead. When the coroner went to investigate, the remains were gone and Hetton was riding with the sheriff. Officers are hunting for him.

Six sleepers were placed across the track of the Boston and Maine railroad at a point between Kingston and Plaistow, on Thursday night, with the evident intention of wrecking the train. The obstructions were discovered and removed by the hands of a freight train passing on another track.

The village of Alliston, in Canada, was visited Friday, by a fire which has destroyed the largest factory in the place. Only for a turn in the wind the town would have been laid in ruin. In all there were eight stores besides the foundry destroyed. The loss is estimated at $80,000 for the foundry firm. Insurance about $100,000.

A correspondent of the Inter-Ocean has been investigating the condition of the monument at Springfield, Ill., over the remains of the first President Lincoln, charges the gravest disloyalty in the performance of the work, and that it is in an unsafe condition. A large amount of wood work has been placed in the structure, instead of granite.

The Cambridge, Mass., rolling mills, owned and occupied by Gilmore & Bixby, were burned Saturday night. The mill was two stories in height, 150 feet long and 70 feet deep. Three steam engines in the mill building were destroyed and other machinery badly damaged. Loss on building, $10,000; on machinery, $13,000; insured.

On Saturday, some 2000 persons, the majority of whom were the employees of the machine works at Canton, Ohio, went on a joyous picnic excursion. While the train was at a high rate of speed, the track spread, and nine cars were thrown off. Twenty-two persons were injured. No one was killed and those injured are doing well.

Saturday night's rain and hail storm did great damage to crops and highways in Vermont. At Wilmington, the lightning went into the houses of R. L. Childs and Mr. Barker, whose wives were prostrated by the shocks. Their shoes were torn from their feet, their eyebrows burned off and they were otherwise burned. The lightning entered the houses by a telephone wire.

In response to a call from the civil service commission for applicants for examination to fill 150 pension office examiners' positions, created by the recent act, a number of hundred applications, it is there seemed to be some question about the eligibility of ladies for the positions. Commissioner Eaton consulted with the secretary of the interior, who declared that the positions were obviously such as could not be filled by women.

Dr. Arthur C. Pierce of Dighton, Mass., received what purported to be a call from a lobbying party at Washington. He started out, and when a mile on his way two shots were fired from the woods, one going through the top and the other through the box of the buggy. He whipped up his horse and arrived at the supposed patient's house in Rehoboth, where he found that bloody was sick, and that the family had not sent for him.

During a heavy storm in Sioux Falls, Dakota, Monday night, the Congregational church and school house were demolished, in spite of the fact that the former was blown off, John Paul's lumber yard was wrecked and a number of dwellings was destroyed. Crops were badly cut by hail, and telegraph communication was prostrated at a town fourteen miles north. C. Berts store was blown down and goods were scattered over the prairie.

At midnight of Friday, John Miller, who was working on the farm of Jo Benton, with a woman named Mrs. Montgomery, was probably fatally stabbed in the abdomen. Miller stated that one Paul Herbert, who had been discharged, committed the act. Montgomery, did the stabbing, and Herbert was arrested. Saturday morning, however, both Miller and the woman deny that Herbert committed the assault, but throw no light upon the affair.

U. S. Grant, Jr., soon after the failure of his firm, Grant & Ward, moved to Morristown, N. J., and occupied a modest cottage on Franklin place. This was rented for him by his father-in-law, Senator Chaffee. He has now closed the house, and is moving to Pennsylvania, to a farm owned by Col. Fred Grant, where he will engage in the business of raising horses. Colonel Fred Grant has sold all his carriages and horses, and is trying to let his house in Morristown.

We alluded last week to the attack of the mob on the county jail at Owensboro, Ky. It was composed of about 70 armed men, who filled the jailer and took out Richard May, a negro, and hanged him to a tree in the court-house yard. The negro had tried to outrage the daughter of a prominent farmer a few days before. When the jailer refused to open the doors of the jail, the mob began firing and the two was returned by the jailer and his son 50 years old. They fired 15 shots from the porch and window, the mob not many as 100. Two of the mob are reported to have been killed, but they were quickly carried off. After firing six shots from the porch the jailer was shot through the right breast and was carried to his room, while his son ran up the keys, and died two hours afterward. His wife took a pistol and tried to expel the mob, but they overawed upstairs and compelled her to surrender the cell keys. The outer door was broken down with a sledge hammer. The mob then took May from his cell and hanged him.

For the Maine Farmer.

Europe Revisited—No. 33.

PORTSMOUTH.

Aug. 23. We left Ryde on the north coast of the Isle of Wight at 7 in the morning, and in about half an hour the steamer landed us at Portsmouth. This is a large, old, dirty town, and has about 130,000 inhabitants. The Romans called it Portus, a harbor, and the citizens have perpetuated the name not only by calling their city Portsmouth, but by naming its outlying suburbs Portchester, Portsea, Portsdown and Gosport. It has a capacious and magnificent harbor. The entrance is narrow, but such is its interior extent that it is said 1000 vessels might safely ride at anchor in it. It was a naval station as early as the reign of King John, and is now the principal naval depot and arsenal of England. It has a dockyard of about 300 acres, in which nearly 2000 workmen are employed. It has also a royal naval academy and immense stores of artillery, ammunition and all naval materials. The harbor is defended by massive forts and heavy batteries, and is deemed impregnable, if that can be said of any place in modern times. Between Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight is a fine anchorage ground called Spithead.

We took the cars for London, about 75 miles, and reached there about 11 o'clock. After lunch, we finished our three days' independent excursion by taking passage by another railway south-easterly to the ancient and celebrated city of Canterbury. The distance by rail is about 80 miles.

KENT COUNTY.

This is the most southerly county in England. It was formerly inhabited by a tribe called the Cantii, hence the names of both Kent and Canterbury are derived. It is the county of the Cantii, or only part of England. It was at Dover on the coast of this county that Julius Cæsar landed 55 years before Christ to invade England. A Roman camp is about 1900 years, with their trained cohorts, to subdue the wild and almost naked savages that then inhabited Britain. Caractacus and Boadicea performed remarkable feats of valor in defending their country. After about 500 years the Romans abandoned their hard earned conquests. The Anglo-Saxons then landed in Kent from the other side of the German ocean, and conquered most of the country. Kent was the first of the seven kingdoms of the Saxon Heptarchy.

The climate of the county is genial and the soil fertile. Wheat, barley, turnips and hops grow richly. As we passed through the country, we noticed more flourishing hop fields that we ever saw elsewhere. About 30,000 acres are devoted to hops. Cherries, plums and filberts are abundant. In the south part of the county is a rich grazing country called Romney Marsh, embracing 40,000 acres, secured against the sea by an immense embankment. On this, and on the chalk hills called downs, large numbers of sheep are pastured. Kent has a custom of inheritance peculiar to the county, called gavelkind, by which the land and it is thought the child will die. Bucher has disappeared.

The inhabitants of Kent are a fine, athletic race. Their features are regular, their eyes blue, their complexion florid, and their hair light. They are a hardy, brave, independent people. Many of the yeomen are wealthy, and live in a style of comfort and elegance unknown to the same class in the United States. Their houses are large, and for the most part built of brick. Their barns are also large and substantial. Their fences are hedges, and their fields are divided by hedge rows. Their roads are hard and smooth, and their farms are in the highest state of cultivation. Their implements of husbandry are of the most improved kind, and their stock is of the best breeds. Their cattle are Durhams, Devons and Herefords, their sheep Southdowns, Cotswolds and Leicesters, and their horses Cleveland bays, Suffolk punches and Clydesdales. Their dairies are models of neatness, and their butter and cheese are unsurpassed. Their dairy maids are fresh, rosy and buxom, and their milking is done in the open fields, and not in the filthy stables of our country. Their agriculture is the most perfect in the world, and their farms are models for imitation.

CANTERBURY.

We pursued our journey until we reached this historic city. It has now about 20,000 inhabitants. It is built in a sort of basin, with low lying hills each side at some distance. It is not a place of much trade or manufactures, yet is of great importance in other respects. The archbishop of Canterbury is the primate of all England, and as such is the ecclesiastical head of the English church, although the queen is the nominal head. The archbishop has his palace at Lambeth in the suburbs of London, but Canterbury is the seat of his power, and Canterbury cathedral is his peculiar church.

It is agreed by historians that Christianity was first introduced into England in Kent county, and there is evidence that a church was erected in Canterbury in the year 181, on the site of the present cathedral. In 597, Austin or Augustin, a monk sent from Rome, came to Canterbury, then the capital of the kingdom of Kent. Bertha, the queen, was already a Christian, and soon the king, Ethelbert, and many of his subjects were baptized. Austin was appointed the first archbishop, and consecrated the ancient church. Additions and improvements were afterwards made. It assumed its present magnificent form about 1495. It is in the shape of a double cross, and is 545 feet long, and 186 across the eastern transept. The nave is a rich grazing country called Romney Marsh, embracing 40,000 acres, secured against the sea by an immense embankment. On this, and on the chalk hills called downs, large numbers of sheep are pastured. Kent has a custom of inheritance peculiar to the county, called gavelkind, by which the landed estates descend in equal shares to all the sons of an intestate, instead of the right of primogeniture which prevails in other parts of England. The consequence of this is, that the estates are small and highly cultivated.

Kent has played its part in history, and not always as an honorable one. In 1381, Wat Tyler led a mob of Kentish men towards London, and several nobles and gentlemen were murdered, the revolt having been caused by a capitation tax. Tyler was killed by the lord mayor of London. In 1450, Jack Cade pretended to be Lord Mortimer, and claimed to be the rightful heir to the crown. He was at the head of a body of ignorant men of Kent, he marched to London, defeated the royal forces, and attempted to take London bridge. He issued many proclamations, setting forth the oppression suffered by the poorer people, and the abuses of those in power. A royal proclamation of pardon led to the dispersion of his followers, and he was slain in attempting to escape. Cade, however, was not the ignoramus he is represented by Shakspeare, and some of his complaints of misgovernment were well founded. In 1554, Sir Thomas Wyatt with others rebelled against the "bloody Mary," but he was seized and executed.

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CANTERBURY.

The Markets.

Brighton Cattle Market.

BOSTON, TUESDAY, July 22, 1884.

Amount of stock at market: Cattle, 2110; sheep and lambs, 9598; fat swine 14,155; horses, 192.

Prices of beef cattle per 100 lbs., live weight: Extra quality, $6 75@7 50; first, $6 12½ @ 6 62½; second, $5 25@6 00; third, $4 25 @ 5 12½; poorest grades of coarse oxen, bulls, etc., $3 25@ 4 12½.

Brighton Hides—7@7½c per lb.

Brighton Tallow—5½c per lb.

Country Hides—Light ones, 6@6½c per lb.; heavy, 6½@7c per lb.

Country Tallow—3½@4c per lb.

Calf Skins—106@12c each; about 900 Wool sheep Skins—75@82 25 each.

Sheared Sheep Skins—20@25c.

Lamb Skins—40@50c. each.

SALES OF CATTLE.

	By Number.	lbs	live wt.	wt.	Average weight
E. H. Eames,	10	6 62½	"		1200
do	5	6 50	"		1100
do	5	6 50	"		1050
Farrell & McFlynn	15	6 00	"		1150
do	13	6 62½	"		1250
do	17	6 50	"		1150
J. F. Stetson	10	7 00	"		1350
do	15	6 00	"		1140
do	11	6 50	"		1110
A. N. Monroe	20	7 20	"		1425
do	15	7 10	"		1403
do	20	6 25	"		1078
do	14	6 50	"		1119
do	15	6 75	"		1337
do	15	7 75	"		1276
do	20	7 25	"		1374

The trade for butchers' Cattle opened slow this week, and the quantity of the choicest grades on the market for sale was not so good as those brought in one week ago. Prices for Cattle suitable for the butchers' trade were from ½ @ ¾c per lb higher than one week ago, and droves were sold for one week since. Prices ranged from $6 @ $7.20 per 100 lbs live weight. Those suitable for the export trade were nothing nearly, if not quite, as high as they have been costing for several weeks past, or from 7¾ @ 7¾c per lb live weight landed at the yards.

Sheep and Lambs. Those from the West were nearly all owned by butchers, costing landed from the cars from 5 @ 6¼c per lb live weight for Sheep and 7 @7¾c for Lambs.

Swine. Western Fat Hogs—Prices remain unchanged, costing from 5½ @6c per lb. live weight. In our Boston market the receipts of the Fat Hogs brought in over the several railroads from the West for the week. During the past week Messrs. J. P. Squire & Co. slaughtered at their slaughter houses in East Cambridge 10,448 Fat Hogs.

Boston Market.

TUESDAY, July 22.

Market Beef.—Res'pts of cattle 2183; extra at $6 @6 50; first quality 6 00@6 25; second quality at $ 00@6 50; third quality at $4 00@4 50.

Store Cattle—Working Oxen per pair at $100@235; milch cows and calves at $30@85; yearlings $12@20; two years old at $14@30; three years, $25@41; Farrow Cows $18@31; fancy, $50@80.

Swine—Receipts 11,349 Western fat Swine, live, 5½@6; Northern dressed hogs at 6¾@7.

Sheep and Lambs—receipts 2,368. Sales of sheep to-to at 3 50@4 25 each; extra 4 75@5 00, Veal Calves 2½@7 00c; Yearlings 5@6¾.

New York Money Market.

NEW YORK, July 22.

United States Bonds, 3's, (reg.)		100
" " New 4½ (reg.)		112¾
" " New 4½ (coup.)		113¼
" " New 4's (reg.)		120½
" " 4's (coup.)		120¾
" " Pacific 6's '95		124

For the Maine Farmer.

Briefs from Our Correspondent.

Burnham village, on the west side of the Sebasticook river, is one of the thriving places of the county; has a good depot and easy of access. One of the best farms is that of I. C. Libby, who besides being a good farmer, is one of the smart and enterprising dealers in stock. His buildings are commodious, has an interesting family, and everything about the premises appears prosperous.

Gen. E. Gilmore is an enterprising young man with a good farm, which he knows how to manage admirably. He has good stock and everything in a desirable.

Chas. Hodges, just below, nearer Clinton is one of those men who live in an atmosphere of sunshine. He has a beautiful Christian family.

There are many good farmers and noble people here in this region. Just above, in Pittsfield, is Wm. Dyer, who a few years ago was a poor, young man, went to the world's goods; but now through industry and the blessing of kind Heaven, he has one of the best homes in the county. He has a good farm, good stock, and all to feed, and sold one year from his farm hay, produce and wood amounting to $800. Lorenzo Baxter is also an enterprising farmer; has the best grass I have seen this season. He has some 150 acres of land, and everything else in proportion. He is a man with a big heart.

J. H. PRATT.

Burnham.

Items and Incidents.

The Massachusetts society for the prevention of cruelty to animals dealt with 1,107 cases of cruelty to animals during 10, caused 21 animals to be taken from work, and 64 humanely killed.

Ayer's Ague Cure is strictly a vegetable preparation, harmless, and warranted to cure all malarial fevers.

Henry Bloom, an express messenger on the Baltimore & Ohio express, has been arrested for stealing $10,000.

No effort has ever been made to advertise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound outside of our own America; yet frequent calls from other parts of the world show that good news will spread. Packages of the Compound have been sent from Lynn, Mass., to China.

A Greene county (N. Y.) woman dreamed that she saw her husband kissing a neighbor's wife, and at once attacked her sleeping supposed rival. Result: Divorce.

Tired Languid Dull exactly expresses the condition of thousands of people at this season. The depressive effects of Hood's Sarsaparilla, on the condition of the body, can only be corrected by the use of a reliable tonic and blood purifier like Hood's Sarsaparilla. Why suffer longer when a remedy is so close at hand? Take Hood's Sarsaparilla now. It will give you untold wealth in health, strength, and energy.

England will have only half a hay crop, while other crops are threatened with shortage.

"I have been dreadfully troubled with disease of the kidneys and liver during the past six months. Brandreth's Pills have cured me." Isaac W. Fairbrother, Providence, R. I.

A recent hail storm in Butte and Lawrence counties in Dakota, destroyed the vegetation of 20,000 acres of land.

Messrs. F. W. Kinsman & Co., for many years residents of Augusta, have recently changed their place of business to New York city. This firm are the proprietors of Adamson's Botanic Balsam, so well known in the Eastern States; and having grown so rapidly in public favor for a few years past, it has now acquired a national reputation. The increased demand for this medicine rendered it necessary for the firm to make their headquarters in the great "Metropolitan City." Messrs. F. W. & Co. are very pleasantly located at 343 Fourth avenue, in a neighborhood which gives them assurance of a good retail trade as apothecaries, in addition to the manufacture and sale of Adamson's Balsam.

IMPORTANT TESTIMONY.

We commend the following from a gentleman in Providence, R. I., to the careful perusal of all who doubt the great curative value of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. After questioning and hesitating, he finally became alarmed at his condition, which was steadily growing worse, and he was induced to give Compound Oxygen a trial. What it did for him is best told in his own words. He says:

"I consented the use of Compound Oxygen after a good deal of thought, and, as far as in my power, careful study of the different cases which had been finally testified to as to the great benefit received. I had been running down, and was a perfect sufferer. I had been running down, constantly growing worse, and had been in poor health for many years, until I took the business of rain collector in hand of a material from out-door circles. In my reduced state I took cold at the very commencement of the work, and for a year thereafter suffered the most hydrophobic paroxysms. It was at this time that I received a letter from Dr. Starkey, who for years had succeeded in accomplishing what you seemed to desire—that of constructing a great truth upon your former belongs by giving them this great remedy, so seemingly simple and so little cost, and I am doing truly from my heart that I had the courage to undertake it, and can give to all words of praise."

Married.

In this city, July 15, Mr. George C. Lower to Jennie M. Works, both of Augusta.

In Bridgton, July 19, Orlando D. Plummer to Nettie E. Gray, both of Bridgton.

In Biddeford, July 15, Henry S. Worth to Maggie C. Hall, both of Bath.

In Brooklyn, New York, July 7, Capt. William C. Barbour of Deer Isle, to Miss Ella F. Bonsfief.

In Bath, July 15, George E. Hughes to Susan M. Manley, both of Bath.

In Cape Elizabeth, July 17, Mr. James H. Norton to Agnes S. Wescott, both of Castine.

In Cumberland Mills, July 12, Mark Allen White to Rubena M. Gates, both of Westbrook.

In Durham, July 5, E. W. Jordan to Hattie L. Cushing, both of Dedham.

In East Hixfield, July 10, Dexter D. Berry, to Mrs. Delia L. Fuller; Emerson W. Murch to Miss Ada E. Berry, all of Carthage.

In Farmington, July 19, Fred O. Bastow, A. M., of Wellesley, Mass., Principal of Wellesley High School, to Mary O. Hobbs of Gloucester.

In Lewiston, July 14, Alfred Vachon to Miss Olivine Gagne, both of Lewiston.

In Lisbon, July 19, Dr. E. L. Estabrook, of Rockland, to Sue C., daughter of William H. Hunt, Esq., of Lisbon.

In Milo, July 16, L. H. Bumpus to Mrs. L. R. McDonald; July 19, Lorenzo W. Snow of Medford, to Adele C. Severance of Milo.

In Monticello, July 12, Mr. Roscoe P. Downer of Vassalboro, to Rose G. Sanford of Montville.

In Milbridge, July 5, Geo. F. Strout to Vasie E. Torrey; Ernest A. Campbell of M., to Jennie B. Jackman of Garland.

In Orrington, July 19, William E. Reony of Westhaven, to M. Edith Whitney of Jonesboro.

In Rockland, July 19, Charles H. Harriman of Forster, to Sarah A. Wentworth of Naples.

In Norway, July 16, Mr. Harvey Snow to Agnes D. Smith, both of Norway.

In Portland, July 14, Mr. Peter, J. Gill of Round Pond, to Bridget Mullen of Portland.

In South Berwick, Mr. Charles H. Shapleigh of Berwick, to Miss Ella F. Hamilton of Somersworth.

In Tenant's Harbor, July 5, James Carver to Lizzie H. Gardner, both of St. George; June 26, Mr. Frederick Dow to Georgie A. Ulmer, both of St. George; June 21, George M. Hupper to Delia B. Marshall, both of Thomaston.

In Winslow, July 11, Christopher H. Dunham of Fairfield, to Miss Ella M. Cushing of Winslow.

In Winthrop, July 12, J. Edward Putnam to Flora M. Staine, both of Winthrop; July 16, George E. Jocelyn of Augusta, to Miss Belle Bradford of Winthrop.

In Wiscasset, July 6, Mr. James Foss to Lizzie Crowell, both of Gouldsboro.

In Wiscasset, July 19, Mr. Frank L. Toothaker of Phillips, to Miss Helen King of Whitefield, N. H.

In Wilton, July 5, A. B. Allen of Skowhegan, to Miss Addie M. Martin of Wilton.

In Windsor, July 6, Willard F. Hallowell of Windsor to May S. Wiley of Somerville.

In Wellington, July 10, Mr. Stillman S. Hantress to Bessie Hutchinson, both of Wellington.

In Wesley, July 5, Josiah T. Chambers to Miss Eliza Wallace of Northfield; 18, Daniel McLaughlin to Mr. Lucy Wallace of Machias.

Died.

In this city, July 15, Cyrus Guild, aged 68 years.

In Auburn, July 16, Ruth Ray, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Dunlap, aged 1 month; July 15, Mrs. Fannie Irene, wife of Mr. Chas. F. Cornish, aged 25 years 1 month; July 16, Mrs. Anna B., wife of Mr. Charles H. Curtis, aged 39 years 8 mos; June 29, Alma B., daughter of Augusta, aged 26 years 11 months; July 17, Miss Myrtie N., daughter of Henry and Della H. Whittier, aged 14 years 5 months; breaking his neck.

In Bangor, July 17, Hannah Bourne, wife of James Hutchinson, aged 74 years 6 months; 18, Mrs. Alma B. Nash, widow of the late Simeon H. Nash, aged 67 years.

In Bryant's Pond, July 13, Mrs. Mary Ann Bowker.

In Bath, July 16, Katharine West, daughter of Hon. Edward Tallman, aged 16 years; July 17, Mr. Clark, Principal of Edward Little High School, Auburn.

In Bristol July 13, Mrs. Sarah Boyd Clark, aged 76 years 2 months; 5, Francis Wheeler, Esq., aged 76 years.

In Brunswick, July 11, Mr. Freeman P. Crowell, aged 68 years.

In Dearing, July 17, Mr. Marshall M. Berry, aged 56 years, 4 months.

In East Machias, July 17, Mr. Henry S. Harris, formerly of Lawrence, aged 75 years 5 months; 13, Mrs. Olive Horn, aged about 56 years.

In East Milton, July 7, Mrs. Harriet Brown, aged 76 years.

In East Machias, July 6, John F. White, aged about 36 years.

In East Edmington, July 11, Mr. Horatio B. Carr, aged 67 years 4 months.

In Friendship, July 21, Lorinda E. Collamore, aged 50 years 7 months.

In Fairfield, July 13, Lawrence Freeman, aged 5 years, son of George Freeman.

In Gardiner, July 15, Mrs. Sophia Coan, wife of Dea. Samuel Coan, aged 71 years 2 months.

In Harpswell, July 11, Mr. Louis H. Stover, aged 33 years 6 months.

In Kennebunkport, July 19, Mr. Dixey S. Benson, aged 56 years; 17, Mrs. Phineas F. Johnson, aged 59 years.

In Lynn, Mass., July 5, Mrs. Isadore B. Pratt, wife of Mr. Benjamin Pratt, formerly of Belfast.

In North Monmouth, July 15, Mrs. Mary J., widow of the late Asa Berry of E., aged 79 years 8 months.

In Newcastle, July 2, Albert N. Cunningham, aged 28 years.

In Portland, Mrs. Mehitable Sawyer Hoyt, aged 76 years.

In Providence, R. I., July 10, Charles W. Reed, formerly of Gardiner, aged 50 years.

In Rockland, July 5, Geo. Barlow, aged about 68 years; July 6, George A., son of Charles and Selena Wilson, aged 4 wee

The Maine Farmer: An Agricultural and Family Newspaper.—July 24, 1884.

Poetry.

The Reunion.

Two comrades met this afternoon,
Who hadn't met before
Since that eventful day in June,
Of eighteen sixty-four,
Where, at St. Mary's church, they fought
All through the livelong day,
And though the field was dearly bought,
We held the foe at bay.

The one was wounded on that day,
And still walks with a cane,
While, as he wends his weary way,
Each step is taken in pain;
The other one was captured, when
They made the charge so bold,
And lived for months in prison pen,
Through sufferings untold.

To-day these comrades met again—
First time for nineteen years;
They grasped each other's hands, and then
Their eyes quick filled with tears.
As thoughts welled up in either heart
Of days they were like blue,
And stood up each to do his part—
To flag and country true.

And then thoughts came of all the years
That passed since last they met,
Of pain and suffering, hopes and fears
In days they can't forget;
And not alone came back the strife
And what it then it brought,
But all the toils and cares of life
Came rushing into thought.

'Twas minutes ere a word was said,
But hand was grasped in hand,
And though they stood with drooping head
None prowler in the land;
And then came words—at first but few,
For they like strangers were their friendship true
Though years ago their friendship true
Had ever brightly beamed.

They talked at first of self, alone,
And of their paths in life,
And then they spoke in tender tone
Of children dear and wife;
But soon they found the lapse of years
Had drifted them apart—
The thoughts, the hopes, the cares, the fears
Were different in each heart.

Then slow the conversation grew,
And each began to feel
He had not found the friend he knew
Amid war's woe and weal;
A look of disappointment crossed
The face of each as he
Began to realize he'd lost
The friend he'd longed to see.

By accident a word was said
About some old campaign,
When instantly the two were made
The old time friends again.
It now they plenty had to say;
As old comrades can,
They talked for hours, and this the way
The conversation ran:

Says Bill to Jim, "I never shall forget
The fight at Brandy Station; even yet
It seems but yesterday, but then, you know
That was our first real mounted charge, and so
We hadn't the confidence, O, 'twas grand
As we charged over the field on either hand
A far as eye could reach, were horsemen, true,
With sabre drawn, and arm nerved up to do
The level best for country and for right;
And each one's form were heaven warm for the fight,
While when the bugles sounded to feel the need
Of doing well their part, the bugles blew,
Our trumpets cheered and yelled as on we flew,
The cannon roared, and the air was stricken the while
Blasting like demons from the depths of hell;
The caribines rattled and the bullets sang
Their songs around as with their devilish twang;
On, on we went, wild with excitement keen,—
It was a grand, exhilerating scene;
On, on they went, until the rebel line
Got up and got in haste, O! run, 'twas fine;
I really believe I now'r felt so gay
As when the rebel line broke that day."

Says Jim: "Early in eighteen sixty-three,
When we were pickeling along the bank
Of Rappahannock, a man named Jones, of G.
Was once on my relief,—I then held rank.
For now Jones' post was way
Upon the right—I found a green, with trees
That hid the rebels from view by night or day,
Although their voices were borne on the breeze
Across the river to our pickets' ears.
A place where one cannot stay all day and see
Nothing; but Oh! the varied sounds one hears
Are quite sufficient to their intensity.
Behind the post, distant some fifty feet,
Was—rested over a sunken grave;
The only thing by the day we got to greet,
Unpleasant in the night, even for the brave;
Now Jones' turn before duty chanced to be
At midnight; I went with him to his post,
And as we neared the grave, it seemed to me
Where just the time and place to see a ghost.
The surroundings—all around was deepest gloom;
The darkness was profound; around there was none.
The silence was the silence of the tomb,
And none was to be left there all alone;
Perhaps to try his nerve, perhaps for fun,
How on the night before I had heard that day,
Jones' turn before duty chanced to be
A spell after, after——but I thought you
had got contented again."
She turned away from him as she answered:
"Yes, John, the house is lonely again.
I see the little hands on all the chairs, and
hear the little feet crawling over the floor."
But there was something of coldness in
her tone, very unlike the pleading voice
in which she had once before made the
same request.

"Well, Margery," he went on after a
pause, going to the table, and putting the
candle upon it, "if you think it will ease
your mind to go and see the folks a little
while, I am willing you should."

He never spoke of the utter loneliness
that fell upon him at the thought of her
going away, and how, to him, too, the dim
room was full of the golden hair and the
blue eyes of his child.

She said nothing.

"When will you come back, Margery?"
he asked, after another pause.

"I don't know, John."

"When do you think of going?"

"On Monday morning if you can spare
the horse to take me over."

"I think I can, Margery; but I shall be
sorry to lose my little wifey so soon," he
could not help saying, as he laid his rough
hand on her hair, with so soft a touch that
the tears started to her eyes.

"I shall ask Mary to come here and keep
house for you while I am away," she said.

"Mary is used to our ways, and can do for
you very well."

"Mary!" said John, "I reckon she will be
busy enough at harvest time. I need no-
body when you are gone. I can live single
again," with a half smile; "but just as you
think, Margery."

Nothing more was said on the subject.
Margery laid out her sewing, and John his
paper. But he did not read very attentive-
ly that evening, but often stopped and
looked long and intently at Margery, who
kept her eyes steadily on the busy needles
in her hands folded under her head, Margery lay
musing (it is not always safe to do
whole life passed before her on this still,
holy Sunday morning. She remembered
when she used to play barefooted in the
little brook, on the warm Summer after-
noons on the straight road through the
benches of the village school. How the
years had sped by like a single day, and
she was grown a young girl. Then John
came and courted her, and then—Then sun
had come up, and played in bright lights
over the ceiling, while on the floor quivered
the shadows of the roses and leaves outside be-
fore the window. The church bells in the
village began to ring. Margery listened to
the sounds, as they came borne on the soft
breeze, across the varying cornfields.

She looked out at the blue sky and
thought of heaven, and the blessed angels
singing and rejoicing there. She thought
of her child, and of John, and herself. A
mingled feeling of joy and pain, of calm
and unrest, crept into her heart. The
tears springing to her eyes again, but she
would not let them flow. She sprang up,
dressed hastily and went softly down
stairs, while John slept heavily on.

As Margery entered the kitchen the cat
got up from her rug, stretched her legs and
yawned, and then came forward to be pet-
ted. On the next Sunday Margery would
probably be here to give pussy her
milk, and stroke her soft glossy back.
Margery threw open the door to let in the
fresh air. The dew lay sparkling on the
grass and flowers. Down there on the
road was the spot where John and Mary
had parted last night. Margery turned
away and shut the door again. Then she
swallowed hastily a cup of tea.

When John came down to it, Margery
thought his step sounded heavier than she
had ever heard it before.

"Will you go to church this morning,
Margery?" he asked, when the simple meal
was over.

"No, John, I guess not."

"Well, Margery, I am going, I will come
home as soon as the service is over; but
I think it will do me good."

"John will you promise me to—"

"What Margery?"

"This afternoon, after I had got ready
to go, will you come once more to the—the
grave?"

"Yes, Margery, yes."

She helped him on with his best coat,
brought him the prayer book, and watched
him from the window as he walked down
the road with slow steps.

Margery wondered what could be the
matter with herself that morning. She
felt so tired that her feet almost refused
to carry her. Several times in her
simple household duties she paused to
take breath, and sat down to rest so often,
that John found the friend he knew
would not miss a word. My teacher
explained and illustrated with such ease
and simplicity that even I could grasp
the principles, the rhymes will be about
as they drew near the spot, but neither
she could not see his head was turned, and
he seemed to be attentively looking at
something in the valley.

Another turn in the road, and the small
cemetery, with the white stone that
gleamed between the dark cypress trees,
came up before them. In silence they found
their way to the little grave. John seated
himself, without a word, on a mound of
potato. Margery knelt down and pulled
some dried leaves off the rose-tree she had
planted, and bound the ivy farther up on
the white cross. She felt like talking
to her, but did not look up at him.
Though she tried hard to keep them back,
the tears would fill her eyes again and
again, so that she could hardly see the pink
and white weeds that had grown among
the grass. When the task was completed she
covered her face with her hands and tried
to pray. She wanted to ask that she
might be happy while she was away—but
her head swam round and she found no
words. She raised her eyes, and glanced
at John through her fingers. He sat with
his head turned her now, but she saw that
his great strong frame trembled with sobs.

"Oh, John," she cried, bursting into
tears. She only noticed yet that he sud-
denly turned around, and then closed her
eyes, as her head upon her in his arms. For
a time she heard nothing but the sound of
her own low weeping, and the throbbing
of his heart. Suddenly she looked up
and said:

"O, John, dear, dear John, please for-
give me!"

"Margery" he answered, in as firm a
tone as he could command, "don't talk
so."

"Oh, but John, I did not want to go
away but because—"

"Because what, Margery?" he asked,
astonished.

"O, John, because I—I thought you
loved Mary better than me; because I saw
you together several times in the last few
days; and she kissed your head last
night."

John's clasp about Margery relaxed and
his arms sank down by his side. His face
were dried now, and the earnest blue eyes
fixed upon Margery with a dumb, half-as-
sonishment, came into John's honest face.
He, too, was a shade paler, and the candle
trembled a little in his hands, as he asked:

"Is the house too lonely again, Margery?
You did say you wanted to go home for
a spell after, after——but I thought you
had got contented again."

"John, dear John, don't talk about it.
I don't believe it any more. I know I was
and forgive me, dear John! Oh, I don't
believe it any more!" and she took his
right hand and kissed it, as Mary had done.

"Won't you forgive me, John? I will
never go away from you," she pleaded,
while the tears streamed down her face.

He took her in his arms once more and
kissed her.

The red evening twilight had crept away
from the little grave, and the dusk was
fast gathering about it. Margery bent
down and kissed the white marble cross;
then they turned their steps homeward,
Margery holding John's hand like a child.

"I must unpack my trunk this even-
ing," she said, after a while. "I have
guess that you might help us. You never
knew that Mary's father is dying for
the way of drinking. Since his
house was burned down and he lost his
property, he has been going on in that
way. Mary takes it very hard, and won't
let the news get about, if she can help it.
She thinks so much of you, and she says
you used to like her father so well, that
she wouldn't have you know it for the
world. So I promised not to tell you.
She has come to me many and many times,
crying and begging me to help her. She
works as hard as she can, but her father
takes all she gets; so they are very poor.
When you saw us yesterday, I had given
her money to carry her rent. She wants
to raise money to take him to the asylum
because there he might be cured. I prom-
ised her to get him some decent clothes."

"Oh, John, I will send them. Poor Mary!
and you need not tell her who sewed
them."

"That's right, Margery."

They had reached the house by this
time, and Margery had opened the door.
The kettle was singing over the hearth,
and the bright tin pans against the wall
shone in the fire light. The door stepped
Margery turned around, and throwing her
arms around John's neck, said softly:

"John, I'm glad I'm going to stay."

When they had entered, John lit the
candle, and while Margery was getting
supper, took up yesterday's unfinished
paper. He read very attentively this eve-
ning, but suddenly stopped and Margery
saw the paper tremble in his hand. Then
he rose, gave it to her, and said in a husky
voice:

"Read that, Margery."

Margery read. Then the paper dropped
and with a fresh burst of tears she once
more threw her arms about John's neck.

In one corner of the paper lay neglected
on the floor was the poem:

"And through the land at eve we went
And plucked the primrose by the rills,
We fell out, my wife and I,
Oh, we fell out, I know not why,
And kissed again with tears.

For when we came where lies the child
We lost in other years,
There above the little grave,
Oh, there above the little grave,
We kissed again with tears.

Choice Miscellany.

Losing One's Self.

About six weeks ago a young man named Fred. B. Batcheider, of Medford, who was at Montreal on business, purchased a ticket for Boston, and had his traveling effects directed for his home and placed in a bag-gage car. These reached their destination, but not their owner. After a few days' absence his parents became alarmed, and made suitable inquiries to learn what had become of him; but up to this time have not heard from him. Now my theory is that he has lost himself and will yet be found, and I back it up by some facts with which I am personally acquainted:

Some forty years ago Mr. Tinker, who was a ship-carpenter, lost his wife, and was so much depressed in spirits that he could hardly perform his service, and even-tually brought up in the Carolinas, where he remained fifteen years. When clairvoy-ance and spiritualism were in everybody's mouth, one of his family consulted a clair-voyant, and was informed that he was in North Carolina; but the information was not considered satisfactory, and the subject was dropped. A year or so afterwards another clairvoyant was consulted, and she declared that he was in Brooklyn, N. Y., and described where he lived so min-utely that one of the children went there and found him and brought him to Boston. I saw him, and he said he had literally lost himself, that he was all the time trying to remember something, but could not. When he applied for work he always ob-tained it, and hence was able to lead a respectable life; but could not recall any of the incidents of his early life. He felt that he had lost something. When confronted by one of his children the spell was broken, and all the past was revealed to his consciousness. He has since died.

Another case: Captain Wiswell, long and favorably known as one of our most en-terprising shipmasters, had just loaded his vessel at New Orleans for Boston, and when ready to sail could not be found. He travelled, he knew not how, until the arrival of the vessel inland, and in looking over a newspaper saw an advertisement describ-ing himself as a missing man. His con-sciousness returned, and shortly after-ward he was again home in safety. The only explanation he gave was he had lost himself. He has since died.

Still another case: A Captain Fairbanks, of Augusta, a very young man, entered our navy for three years as a common seaman, and was placed on board the receiving ship Ohio, and performed the duties assigned him like any other common seaman; but felt that something was out of joint in his mind. Fortunately his friends found him, and tried to obtain his discharge on the plea of mental derangement, but the naval sur-geons were obdurate, and declared that he was of sound mind and in good physical health, and his discharge could only be obtained by paying a considerable sum of money. Like Capt. Wiswell, he said that he was utterly unconscious of entering the navy, and that he discharged the duties assigned him mechanically as if in a dream, and had simply lost himself. He, too, is dead.

I knew young Mr. Batcheider personally several years ago, and noticed that he was somewhat absent-minded. He was a mem-ber of my Sunday school class, in Rev. W. H. Cudworth's church, and rarely paid attention to anything that was said upon any subject; his thoughts seemed to be somewhere else, though he was always perfectly respectful and exemplary in his general conduct. He was much esteemed by all who knew him, and strong hopes are entertained that he will yet be found and restored to his family and friends.—Boston Traveller.

Wit, Humor, and Pleasantries.

A poet asks in a few simple verses, "who will plant flowers on my grave?" We can't give names, but we can assure him that if we had published the lines, every subscriber to this valuable journal would feel it incumbent upon him to act as a committee of one on planting.

A button is one of those events that are always coming off.

"Did not the Sons of Jacob commit a heinous sin when they sold their brother Joseph?" asked a Sunday school teacher of the son of an Austin merchant.

"Yes, sir."

"What sin was it they committed?"

"They sold him too cheap."

The harder a preacher pounds the Bible when he talks the less he expounds its contents.

An exchange, in an article on "How to Feed Horses," mentions feeding "corn in the ear" as one way. This may be an economical way, but it must be excessively painful to the horse.

"Give the new summer boarder what-ever he wants," says an experienced coun-try shark, "and you will get his money. She has come to me many and many times, crying and begging me to help her. She works as hard as she can, but her father takes all she gets; so they are very poor. When you saw us yesterday, I had given her money to carry her rent. She wants to raise money to take him to the asylum because there he might be cured. I prom-ised her to get him some decent clothes."

"Oh, John, I will send them. Poor Mary! and you need not tell her who sewed them."

"That's right, Margery."

They had reached the house by this time, and Margery had opened the door. The kettle was singing over the hearth, and the bright tin pans against the wall shone in the fire light. The door stepped Margery turned around, and throwing her arms around John's neck, said softly:

"John, I'm glad I'm going to stay."

When they had entered, John lit the candle, and while Margery was getting supper, took up yesterday's unfinished paper. He read very attentively this eve-ning, but suddenly stopped and Margery saw the paper tremble in his hand. Then he rose, gave it to her, and said in a husky voice:

"Read that, Margery."

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In one corner of the paper lay neglected on the floor was the poem:

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Oh, we fell out, I know not why,
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For when we came where lies the child
We lost in other years,
There above the little grave,
Oh, there above the little grave,
We kissed again with tears.

Curious Things.

DETECTION OF CRIME. Only a few months ago the papers gave an instance of the acuteness of a French detective. A man had murdered his female companion and buried her body in a cellar. The corpse was discovered, and the man then said that the woman had killed herself by falling down stairs, and that he had buried her secretly, fearing to be accused of her death. He asserted that this "accident" took place in the autumn, in October. The detective observed the traces of smoke on the ceiling. "You had a candle when you buried the body," he remarked, and was answered in the affirmative. "And you say you only entered this cellar on that one day in Octo-ber?" The suspected man again averred it. "You are speaking falsely," retorted the detective, and showed the murderer be-tween the crevices of the ceiling, the half consumed larvæ of certain insects, which only lay in the spring, and which had been buried by his candle at the time when he had actually buried his victim. How often has a clever forgery been detected by some keen observer who noted some very trif-ling oversight in the skillful fraud. Forged wills have been found out from the water-mark of the paper not tallying with their date. There is a story of a false will being once produced in a French court, and the forgery was so skillful that it appeared im-possible to deny the documents authen-ticity, though certain circumstances caused its genuineness to be suspected. It was drawn, not on ordinary paper, but on the back of a map of France of the preceding century old. The name of the pub-lisher of the map was in the corner, to-gether with the date, and the words, "Geographer to the King." Though the forger had never been injured by the will felt convinced that what he was being practiced upon them, redress seemed hopeless. But a clever lawyer discovered that, at the time of the supposed publication of the map, the digging of "geographer to the king" had not been conferred on the map maker. The name was correct, that of a worthy publisher of charts in his day, and he had been allowed to assume the title the forger had added, but not till some years after the date of the forged map. Investigation clearly proved that the geographer never assumed the title, till it was legally conferred upon him, and never afterward published a map without adding it; the map, as well as the will written upon its back, was a forgery, de-tected by an observer of unusual acuteness.

HOW CLOUDS ARE FORMED. The evap-oration of water into the air is so gentle and so fine, as to be invisible; and we only know by a course of reasoning from cause to effect, and not by any ocular demon-stration, that clouds are really but the ac-cumulation of watery vapor put into sepa-rate masses (clouds) by a gentle exertion of the attraction of cohesion, alias gravity, as distinguished from fog, which is visible vapor too heavy to rise high in the atmo-sphere. But here in Nebraska, on our vast prairies, we have formed perfectly visible from the first moment of inception to the perfection of a complete cloud of the cumulus variety, having the full round-ed electrical shape, and perfect color of a sum-mer cloud, and its elevation equal to vapor clouds.

When, upon a bright, sunny, warm day, such as we have now, a prairie fire occurs, and the wind is of a gentle character, the smoke rises lazily into the air to an unusu-al height, it then reaches a medium which is about its own specific gravity, and of course ceases to rise. It accumulates into a mass of cloud precisely like vapor clouds floating near it, part on the electrical cu-mulus form, and taken the exact color of vapor clouds, with all their gradations of light and shade, even to the bright silvery edges. Its origin meanwhile remains per-fectly identified with the fire below, as the smoke of a pale blue-gray cast, still con-nects the fire with the cloud. There can be no earthly doubt of the fact that a cloud from fire and one from water may be iden-tified in size, color, shape, gravity and every quality necessary to a cloud *per se*. The resemblance is so perfect that I have been led to suppose that the smoke in fishing has parted with its minute particles of carbon, (their own gravity), while only the moisture from the burning dead grass really rises to constitute the cloud itself. But, nevertheless, the carbon so colors the ascending column that it is thus made visible to the eye, while the evapora-tion of moisture from bodies of water, or damp ground, is so completely colorless as to conceal *this* especial operation of nature from mortal vision in the most common mode of cloud formation. This forms one of the beauties of our prairie exhibits of natural phenomena.

A CURIOUS ERROR OF DOCTORS. Dr. C. A. Taft of Hartford, the leading homoeo-pathic physician in Connecticut, who died Thursday, was supposed for years to have had but one lung, the other having been obstructed in early life by a pulmonary difficulty. Very soon after beginning practice he was stricken and nearly died. William Parker of New York, examined him and said that one lung was about gone and he could not live over six months. A leading Boston physician confirmed this opinion. Dr. Taft resolutely determined to live as long as possible and began a course of generous living to make blood and tissue. Speaking of this period he said some time ago to a friend, "I had a bot-tle of brandy sent to my plate at every dinner and lived chiefly on rye meal beefsteak. I got the reputation of being a confirmed drinker, but I saved my life. I have gained steadily 60 pounds, now weighing 186." Upon his death the newspapers remarked upon his loss of one lung, and expressed surprise that he could have lived to the age of 64. At the time of an autopsy, it was found that both his lungs were in a perfect-ly healthy condition, and that the trouble and cause of death was in his stomach, which had assimilated gastric juices, so impeding digestion finally that he literally starved to death. It is considered a notable case, showing that a well educated physician of his own knowledge, and aided by the diagnosis of the physicians in the country, was wholly mistaken as to the cause of his ills, and by a course of living designed to cure one curious difficulty, as he supposed, which did not exist, brought on gastric troubles, which caused death at last. The doctors here, and people gen-erally, who have for years known about the "one lung" only, are astonished at the result of the autopsy.

A RAILWAY RUN BY WATER. A cor-respondent, writing from Switzerland, tells of a curious railway as follows: The pic-turesque and practical are often curiously intermixed. I glean a few particulars of a funicular railway which connects Terri-tet (Chillon) and Glion. The railway which is on a steep incline, something after the style of the one up Mount Vesuvius, commences with an angle of 22 degrees and soon increases to 57 degrees. It is a single line, with a loop as a passing place half way. There are two carriages on the line, one of which ascends while the other de-scends. The ascending carriage is drawn by the force of gravity of the one which is descending, the latter being weighted by a reservoir placed underneath, being filled with water. The reservoir is supplied as soon as the carriage has made the descent. The two vehicles are connected with each other by means of a wire cable, which passes over a wheel at the summit of the incline. By the passenger a remarkable optical illusion is experienced. Trees, huts, houses, rocks, all seem to be bent back, as though by some enchantment. They are apparently standing out of the perpendicular, and one can scarcely help wondering that they do not topple over. The deception is due to the construction of the carriages, which are constructed at such an angle that, notwithstanding the steepness of the gradient, the occupants preserves his ordinary upright sitting posture. The line is 745 yards long, and the difference be-tween the level of its base and that of its summit is 984 feet.

DISCOVERY AT HERCULANEUM. An in-teresting discovery of a life-sized female bust in pure silver has been made at Her-culaneum. The work is in a state of ex-cellent preservation, and is the only speci-men of the kind which has been found during the course of the excavations. The first thes material was thought to be only bronze, but the action of sulphur having somewhat altered the appearance of the surface, and the sulphate of silver which had formed upon the metal yielding a black color to the touch, the true commonest sort of mate-rial. The bust was removed to the museum, when one of the keepers, struck with the unusual tone of the bronze, scraped away a part of the surface, and at once came upon the silver beneath. A discussion has risen whether the work was originally pure or oxidized, but there seems now little doubt that the former hypothesis is correct. The head is that of a young and beautiful woman, but as yet the features have not been identified with that of any other ex-tant head.

An officer of a school in Boston for the blind found that sightless persons may be-come the most expert piano tuners. Through its constant exercise the hearing becomes so acute that intervals in the scale of sounds, which are so slight as to be unnoticed by other persons, are readily detected by the blind. The slight-est imperfection in unisons is discord to them. Their knowledge of the mechanism of pianos is obtained through the use of models and the dissection of old pianos. Besides, they are thoroughly taught in that branch of physics which treats of the nature or sound and the laws of its production and transmission.

A resident of Zagarig in Egypt, is cred-ited with the statement that the birds had been observed to depart before the ap-proach of cholera, and that a town might be considered safe so long as the birds re-mained.

Attention is called to the fact that Mr. Blaine was a teacher in a deaf-mute college in Philadelphia, and Mr. Cleveland was a teacher in an asylum for the blind.

Young Folks' Column.

For the Young Folks' Column.

A Greeting.

J. O. E.

Dear readers of this column:
Again I'm knocking at the door,
And mistrinks I hear a "welcome,"
So I enter as before.

'Tis long since first I came to you—
Many days have since then flown,
Each bringing new thoughts and lessons,
So I trust I've wiser grown.

I now see more clearly
Our Editor's noble purpose
In setting aside this column
To encourage and improve us.

I am glad you responded so readily
I picture girls with nut-brown curls,
And boys as bright as bright can be.

For each of you young authors
I predict a future bright,
Whose names may be as house-hold words
Throughout our noble land.

For the Young Folks' Column

I am a deaf girl. I shall be sixteen years old in August. I attend school in Port-land. The principal's name is Mr. Barton; Miss Allen, Miss True, Miss Ames and Miss Estabrook are teachers. The school is not in session but we had two weeks vacation at christmas and two weeks in April. I came home to spend christmas vacation and got a very bad cold and coughed very hard; but I did not have to stay home in April, because mother thought that I should get cold the same as I did at christmas. I study grammar, geography, Bible histo-ry, etiquette, arithmetic, history of the United States, French and English history. I very much like to learn. I have been sick with the mumps for two weeks this spring. I can not hear but a little with my left ear. I have been talking with mother every day since I came home. I was surprised to learn that Sylvania P. had got a little brother two months old; I would like to see him very much. I had three brothers and one sister. One of my little brothers—Johnny—died last summer. My little sister is a cunning little girl and I am very fond of her. I think I should like Nora L. Sadler's pattern for edging. My father has quite a patch of berries and I pick strawberries almost every day; I like to pick them very much.

Bryant's Pond. ALICE.

For the Young Folks' Column.

DEAR MR. EDITOR: I am a little girl 12 years old, am the only child at home, and so of course have to help father and mother too. I live on a farm away down in North Perry, Maine, by the side of Boy-dens lake. I have two sisters in California, and two brothers in Kansas. We had a term of eight weeks of school this summer. I did not miss but one day. We had a very nice teacher; her name is Miss Rebecca H. I study history, arithmetic, geography, grammar, writing, spelling, and read in the fifth reader. I am going to study book-keeping this fall. I got the prize last fall for the best spelling.

No. Perry. SADIE W. BRIGBEE.

For the Folks' Young Column.

Dear little readers of the young folks' column: I am forty years old today, July fifth. Our school has just closed. We had a nice teacher; her name is Olive Gray. I have no brothers, but one little sister, not quite two years old. She is very mischievous and cunning. Mamma took her to school, the last day; she thought she behaved very well. We have not lived here quite a year. It is a pleasant place here; we like our neighbors very much. Thanks to the kind Editor, for giving us one column in the *Farmer*.

North Vassalboro. CARRIE N. CLIFFORD.

For the Young Folks' Column.

MR. EDITOR: I am five years old to-day. I had a nice lot of presents. My birthday card. I am making a quilt; one square has been put in it. I arranged them myself. I like to knit; what the little boys and girls who write for the young folks' column are doing and what they have for pets. Every week I have my mamma read me their letters.

Paris, Me. HELEN HAMMOND.

For the Young Folks' Column.

DEAR EDITOR: I am a little girl twelve years old. I have one brother and four sisters. My grandma lives with us. On her eighty-fourth birthday she went strawberrying with me; and last summer she walked a mile to see her daughter. I go to day school and Sunday School, and study fifth reader, White's complete arith-metic, geography, grammar, and spelling. If you print this letter I will try again.

Bangor. ELLEN L. KINCAID.

For the Young Folks' Column.

MR. EDITOR: In my letter a few weeks ago I said my school had commenced; we had a very pleasant term which closed the third of July. I liked the teacher very much; her name is Anna Richardson. I was present in all school hours, stood at the head of my class the most of the time, and did not miss a word. My teacher made me a present of a splendid scrap book. I have enough scraps to about fill it.

South Bruen. ELLIE R. SPRING.

For the Young Folks' Column.

I am a little boy 7 years old. I caught a live mouse and a squirrel. I caught the mouse by the tail. We live on a farm.

Bryant's Pond. DAVID.

Learning to Count.

"Now, boys, you want to be men some day, dont you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, what do you mean to do when you grow up?"

"I mean to be a sailor, sir."

"I'm going to be a grocer."

"And I'm a butcher."

"I mean to help mother, sir," was the shrill cry of one of the tiniest of all the little crew.

"That's right!" said I. "Never forget your mother; always try to help her. But if you are to be all these things—sailor, butcher, and all that sort of thing—you must first of all learn a great deal, and none of you will get on very well if you are not able to count quickly and reckon correctly. If you mean to be good and successful men of business, you must have your heart right and your head clear. Give your heart to Jesus Christ, and be sober, and your heads wont get muddled, as some people's are. Now suppose you have a lesson in counting as far up as ten; and to help you I remember the figures. I will give you a rhyme for every one. Then to make you more firm in your Rand of simple principles, the rhymes will be about tectotalism. Say them after me.

"Number one, the best example
"Number two, nor drink nor brew.
"Number three, a teetotaler be.
"Number four, keep drink from the door.
"Number five, abstain and thrive.
"Number six, to teetotal fix.
"Number seven, for temperance given.
"Number eight, don't be caught by the bail.
"Number nine, a moocher is wine.
"Number ten, be teetotal then."

A POSITIVE CURE FOR EVERY FORM OF SKIN AND BLOOD DISEASE FROM Pimples to Scrofula.

THOUSANDS OF LETTERS in our possession for years with Blood and Skin Diseases; have been obliged to abus public places by reason of my dis-figuring humors; have had the best physicians have spent hundreds of dollars and got no real re-lief until I used the CUTICURA REMEDIES, the new Blood Purifier, internally, and CUTICURA and CUTI-CURA SOAP, the Great Skin Cures and Skin Beauti-fiers, externally, which have cured me and left my skin and blood as pure as a child's.

ALMOST INCREDIBLE.

James R. Richardson, Custom House, New Orleans, on oath, says: "I had 1870 scrofulous Ulcers broke out on my body until I was a mass of corrup-tion. Everything known to the medical faculty was tried in vain. I became a mere wreck. At times I could not lift my hands to my head, could not turn in bed; was in constant pain, and looked upon life as a curse. No relief or cure in ten years. In 1880 I heard of the CUTICURA REMEDIES, used them and was perfectly cured. Sworn to before U. S. Com. J. P. CRAWFORD.

STILL MORE SO.

Will McDonald, 249 Harrison Street, Chicago, gratefully acknowledges a cure of a frightful case of Rheum, on his head, face, arms and legs for six-teen years; not able to endure even the open air for three years; not able to help himself for eight years; the standard of remedies; doc-tors pronounced his case hopeless. Permanently cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

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GEORGE MAYER, *Flatonia, Texas*, was bald at 23 years of age, as his ancestors had been for several generations. One bottle of HAIR VIGOR started a growth of soft, downy hair all over his scalp, which soon became thick, long, and vigorous.

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AMONG RAILROAD MEN.
Popularity and Usefulness of Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy.—The Strong Letter From a Master Mechanic.

MASTER MECHANIC'S OFFICE, SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE, LOWELL REPAIR SHOPS.
LOWELL, MASS., March 25, 1884.
Dr. David Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y.
DEAR SIR: I am pleased to say that I should make the following statement, and I make it volun-tarily and willingly: On the 4th day of June, 1881, I was taken with what was called paralysis of the stomach and other organs seemed to sympa-thize. For a long time after I was not able to get any weight. I recovered so far as to be able to ride out. In the spring (Vt.) hoping to benefit from the waters of Bellows Falls, N. H. Neither were the best physicians of Lowell and Boston whom I consult-ed able to afford me more than transient relief. I gained no strength and my case appeared almost hopeless. In the Fall a friend advised me to try KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY, although opposed to patent medicines, I made the trial, and in my opinion, saved my life. I consider it the best remedy ever offered for stomach difficulties, as of the Liver and other organs. I can also say from my own personal use among the R. R. men in this vicinity.

Yours, etc., A. J. GIFFORD.
Mr. Gifford is the Master Mechanic of Lowell Division of the Boston & Lowell Railroad, and has been identified with the road for many years, and his testimony to the facts in its favor, is of great value.
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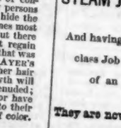

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